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THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
POPE,  
OR,  
USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING PASSAGES  
SELECTED FROM THE  
WORKS  
OF THAT  
ADMIRERD AUTHOR;  
AS WELL AS FROM HIS  
TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S  
ILIAD and ODYSSEY, &c.

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VOL. II.

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MUSEUM

THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
POPE.

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OBSEQUIES (HECTOR'S).

THE fire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.  
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad :  
Automedon and Alcimus attend,  
(Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend).  
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,  
And led the hoary herald to the tent ;  
Next heap'd on high the num'rous presents bear  
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.  
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,  
They leave ; to cover and inwrap the dead.  
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil  
To wash the body and anoint with oil ;  
Apart from Priam, lest th' unhappy fire,  
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire  
The stern Pelides ; and nor sacred age  
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.  
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread ;  
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed :  
Then, while the body on the car they laid,  
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade.  
If, in that gloom which never light must know,  
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below ;  
O friend ! forgive me, that I thus fulfil  
(Restoring Hector) heav'n's unquestion'd will.

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,  
 To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.  
 He said, and ent'ring, took his seat of state,  
 Where full before him rev'rend Priam sat;  
 To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun.  
 Lo! to thy pray'r restor'd thy breathless son;  
 Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;  
 And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,  
 The light is granted to thy longing eyes:  
 But now the peaceful hours of sacred night  
 Demand refection, and to rest invite:  
 Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,  
 The common cares that nourish life, forego.  
 Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,  
 A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:  
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,  
 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;  
 These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,  
 Those, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.  
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,  
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;  
 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;  
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.  
 Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,  
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;  
 None by to weep them, to inhumate them none;  
 (For Jove had turn'd the nations all to stone):  
 The gods themselves at length relenting, gave  
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.  
 Herself a rock (for such was heav'n's high will),  
 Thro' desarts wild now pours a weeping rill;  
 Where round the bed whence Achelous springs,  
 The watry fairies dance in mazy rings,  
 There high on Sipylus his shaggy brow,  
 She stands her own sad monument of woe;  
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.

Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;  
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.  
 The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,  
 Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;

Soon

# THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,  
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around.

He said, and, rising, chose the victim-ewe  
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.

The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,  
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide :

Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,  
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.

With bread the glittering canisters they load,  
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd :

The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,  
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.

When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest ;

No less the royal guest the hero eyes,  
His godlike aspect and majestic size :

Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage ;  
And there, the mild benevolence of age.

Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,  
(A solemn scene !) at length the father spoke.

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove ! to sleep  
My careful temples in the dew of sleep :

For since the day that number'd with the dead  
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed ;

Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes ;  
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs !

Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,  
I share thy banquet, and content to live.

With that Achilles bade prepare the bed,  
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread ;

Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,  
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.

Then he : Now father sleep, but sleep not here ;  
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,

Lest any Argive, (at this hour awake,  
To ask our counsel, or our orders take),

Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,  
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.

Should such report thy honour'd person here,  
The king of men the ransom might defer ;

But say, with speed, if aught of thy desire  
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require  
T' inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay  
Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit, (the monarch said),  
To finish all due honours to the dead,  
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known  
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town,  
And at what distance from our walls aspire  
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.

Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,  
The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast:  
The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;  
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!

This thy request, (reply'd the chief), enjoy:  
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent  
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent:  
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,  
Expects her hero with desiring arms.  
But in the porch the king and herald rest,  
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast.  
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;  
Industrious Hermes only was awake,  
The King's return revolving in his mind,  
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.  
The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head:  
And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said);  
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd!  
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord!  
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,  
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee,  
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,  
To spare thy age: and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling fire arose,  
And rais'd his friend: the god before him goes;  
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,  
And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.  
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove,  
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),

The winged deity forsook their view,  
 And in a moment to Olympus flew.  
 Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,  
 Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:  
 Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go  
 The sage and king majestically slow.  
 Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,  
 The sad procession of her hoary fire;  
 Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,  
 Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier:  
 A show'r of tears o'erflow her beauteous eyes,  
 Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries.

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,  
 Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!  
 If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,  
 To hail your hero glorious from the fight;  
 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!  
 Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,  
 Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains;  
 In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,  
 And Troy sends forth one universal groan.  
 At Sæta's gates they meet the mourning wain,  
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.  
 The wife and mother, frantic with despair,  
 Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:  
 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay,  
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;  
 But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;  
 Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes;  
 First to the palace, let the car proceed,  
 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.

The waves of people at his word divide,  
 Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;  
 Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:  
 They weep, and place him on the bed of state.  
 A melancholy choir attend around,  
 With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound:  
 Alternately they sing, alternate flow  
 Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.

While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,  
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.

First to the corse the weeping comfort flew;  
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,  
And, oh my Hector! oh my Lord! she cries,  
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!  
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!  
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!  
An only son, once comfort of our pains,  
Sad product now of hapless love remains!  
Never to manly age that son shall rise,  
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes:  
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)  
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.  
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?  
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?  
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er,  
(Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore!  
Thou too, my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,  
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;  
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword;  
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord.  
Or else some Greek, whose father prest the plain,  
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,  
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,  
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.  
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:  
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!  
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,  
His parents many, but his comfort more.  
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?  
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?  
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which sadly dear  
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;  
Which never, never, could be lost in air,  
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;  
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part,  
O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!

## THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,  
 And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!  
 While all my other sons in barb'rous bands,  
 Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,  
 This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,  
 Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast;  
 Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,  
 Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,  
 (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain),  
 Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!  
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,  
 No mark of pain, or violence of face;  
 Rosy and fair! as Phoebus' silver bow  
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears,  
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:  
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes  
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

Ah dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd  
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind;  
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er,  
 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;  
 (Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine  
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)  
 Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find  
 A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:  
 When others curs'd the authress of their woe,  
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:  
 If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,  
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,  
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.  
 For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,  
 The wretched source of all this misery!  
 The fate I caus'd for ever I bemoan;  
 Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone!  
 Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!  
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home.

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye;  
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;

On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;  
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.  
 Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,  
 And sell the forests for a fun'ral pyre;  
 Twelve days, nor foes, nor secret ambush dread,  
 Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train  
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,  
 Pour thro' the gates, and sell'd from Ida's crown,  
 Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.  
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,  
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise.  
 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,  
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,  
 And plac'd aloft; while all, with streaming eyes,  
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.  
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn;  
 Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,  
 And quench with wine the yet remaining fire;  
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place  
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase;  
 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,  
 Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.  
 Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,  
 And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.  
 (Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,  
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun)  
 All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,  
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train:  
 Assembled there, from pious toils they rest,  
 And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.  
 Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,  
 And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

*Iliad, b. xxiv. l. 720.*

## THE ORACLE.

THE gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he said,  
 Seem'd sensible of woe and droop'd his head;  
 Trembling he stood before the golden wain,  
 And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,  
 When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke  
 Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.  
 Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear  
 Thy rage in safety thro' the files of war;  
 But come it will, the fatal time must come,  
 Nor ours the fault, but god decrees thy doom.  
 Not thro' our crime, or slowness in the course,  
 Fell by Patrocles, but by heav'nly force;  
 The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day,  
 (Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.  
 No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,  
 Or beat the pinions of the western gale,  
 All were in vain—the fates the death demand,  
 Due to a mortal and immortal hand.  
 Then ceas'd for ever, by the furies ty'd,  
 His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,  
 With unabated rage—So let it be!  
 Portents and prodigies are lost on me.  
 I know my fates: to die, to see no more  
 My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—  
 Enough—when heav'n ordains, I sink in night;  
 Now perish Troy! he said, and rush'd to fight.

*Iliad, b. xix. l. 446.*

## PEACE.

OH stretch thy reign, fair Peace, from shore to shore,  
 Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;  
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves  
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,

B 5

Peru

Peru once more a race of kings behold,  
 And other Mexicoes be roof'd with gold.  
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,  
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous discord dwell:  
 Gigantic pride, pale terror, gloomy care,  
 And mad ambition shall attend her there:  
 There purple vengeance bath'd in gore retires,  
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:  
 There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,  
 And persecution mourn her broken wheel:  
 There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,  
 And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 55.*

#### PEDANTRY.

WHEN Dulness smiling,—“ Thus revive the wits!  
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits;  
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)  
 A new edition of old Æson gave;  
 Let standard authors, thus, like trophies borne,  
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.  
 And you, my critics! in the checquer'd shade,  
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.  
 Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,  
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own;  
 But spread, my sons, your glory, thin or thick,  
 On passive paper, or on solid brick.  
 So by each bard, an alderman shall sit,  
 A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,  
 And while on fame's triumphal car they ride,  
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.”

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,  
 Each eager to present the first address.  
 Dunce scorning dunce, beholds the next advance,  
 But soon shews soon superior complaisance.  
 When lo! a spectre rose, whose index hand  
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;

His

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,  
 Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.  
 O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs :  
 Eton and Winton shake thro' all their sons.  
 All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race  
 Shrink, and confess the genius of the place :  
 The pale-boy senator yet tingling stands,  
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since man from beast by words is known,  
 Words are man's province, words we teach alone.  
 When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,  
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.  
 Plac'd at the door of learning, youth to guide,  
 We never suffer it to stand too wide.  
 To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,  
 As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,  
 We ply the memory, we load the brain,  
 Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,  
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,  
 And keep them in the pale of words till death.  
 Whate'r the talents, or howe'er design'd,  
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind :  
 A poet the first day, he dips his quill ;  
 And what the last ? a very poet still.  
 Pity ! the charm works only in our wall,  
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.  
 There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry muse gave o'er,  
 There TALBOT sunk, and was a wit no more !  
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast !  
 How many martials were in PULT'NEY lost !  
 Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,  
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,  
 Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can ;  
 And South beheld that master-piece of man.

Oh (cry'd the goddess) for some pedant reign ;  
 Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again ;  
 To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,  
 Give law to words, or war with words alone,  
 Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,  
 And turn the council to a grammar school !

For sure, if dulness sees a grateful day,  
 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.  
 O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,  
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;  
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,  
 Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign;  
 May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long:  
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."  
 Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll  
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:  
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,  
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.  
 Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,  
 [Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]  
 Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,  
 Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,  
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick,  
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.  
 As many quit the streams that murmur fall,  
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,  
 Where Bentley, late tempestuous, went to sport  
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.  
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;  
 Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:  
 His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,  
 Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.  
 Low bow'd the rest: He, kingly, did but nod;  
 So upright Quakers please both man and God.  
 Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:  
 Avaunt — is Aristarchus yet unknown?  
 The mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains  
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.  
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,  
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.  
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know your Better:  
 Author of something yet more great than letter;  
 While tow'ring o'er your alphabet like Saul,  
 Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.  
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,  
 Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*,

To found or sink in *cans* O or A,  
Or give up Cicero to C or K.

*Works, Vol. III. p. 199.*

## THE PEAR-TREE.

THUS sighing as he went, at last he drew  
By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew :  
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her love,  
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.  
She stopp'd, and sighing : Oh, good gods, she cry'd,  
What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side !  
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green ;  
Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal queen !  
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life  
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife !

Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his lady's cry,  
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh :  
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,  
What could, alas ! a helpless husband do ?  
And must I languish then, she said, and die,  
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye ?  
At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,  
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take ;  
Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;  
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,  
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.  
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,  
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies, all !  
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall :  
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd ;  
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.  
What feats the lady in the tree might do,  
I pass, as gambols never known to you ;  
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,  
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight  
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.  
 Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,  
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;  
 But when he saw his bosom wife so dress'd,  
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd:  
 Not frantic mothers, when their infants die,  
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:  
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair.  
 Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my lord? the trembling dame reply'd;  
 I thought your patience had been better try'd:  
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,  
 This my reward for having cur'd the blind?  
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,  
 By struggling with a man upon a tree?  
 Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?  
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!

If this be struggling, by this holy light,  
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the knight);  
 So Heav'n preserve the fight it has restor'd,  
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;  
 Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell  
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,  
 Pray Heav'n, this magic work the proper way!  
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,  
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:  
 So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,  
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 230.*

#### PRAYER (UNIVERSAL.)

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,  
 In ev'ry Clime ador'd,  
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

15

Thou Great First Cause, least understood ;  
Who all my Sense confin'd  
To know but this, that Thou art Good,  
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,  
To see the Good from Ill ;  
And binding Nature fast in Fate,  
Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,  
That more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away ;  
For God is paid when Man receives,  
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span  
Thy Goodness let me bound,  
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,  
When thousand Worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,  
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,  
To hide the fault I see ;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quicken'd by thy Breath;  
 O lead me wherefoe'er I go,  
 Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:  
 All else beneath the Sun,  
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
 And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,  
 Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!  
 One Chorus let all Beings raise!  
 All Nature's increase rise!

*Works, Vol. II. p. 103.*

#### PENELOPE.

Elusive of the bridal day, she gives  
 Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.  
 Did not the sun, thro' heav'n's wide azure roll'd,  
 For three long years the royal fraud behold?  
 While she, laborious in delusion, spread  
 The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:  
 Where, as to life the wond'rous figures rise,  
 Thus spoke th' inventive queen, with artful sighs.  
 "Tho' cold in death Ulysses breathes no more;  
 "Cease yet awhile to urge the bridal hour;  
 "Cease, till to great Laertes I bequeath,  
 "A task of grief, his ornaments of death.  
 "Left, when the fates his royal ashes claim,  
 "The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;  
 "When he whom living mighty realms obey'd,  
 "Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade."  
 Thus she: at once the gen'rous train complies,  
 Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.  
 The work she ply'd; but studious of delay,  
 By night revers'd the labours of the day.  
 While thrice the sun his annual journey made,  
 The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd;

Unheard

## THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

17

Unheard, unseen, three years her art prevail;  
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.  
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,  
The backward labours of her faithless hand.  
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils;  
A wond'rous monument of female wiles!

*Odyssey, b. ii. l. 99.*

## PENELOPE'S SUITORS.

ON hides of beeves, before the palace-gate,  
(Sad spoils of luxury), the suitors sate;  
With rival art, and ardour in their mien,  
At chess they vie, to captivate the queen,  
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,  
A menial train the flowing bowl supply;  
Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,  
And form the costly feast with busy care.  
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face  
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace  
Amid the circle shines: but hope and fear  
(Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.  
Now imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd  
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord!  
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.

*Odyssey, b. i. l. 140.*

## PHILOSOPHY.

THEN thick as Locusts black'ning all the ground,  
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,  
Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the pow'r,  
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r.  
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,  
And aspect ardent, to the Throne appeal.  
The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliants call,  
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!

Fair

Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,  
 Suckled and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r:  
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread;  
 Bright with the gilded button tip't its head.  
 Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE:  
 Each maid cry'd, charming! and each youth, Divine!  
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,  
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?  
 Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline!  
 No maid cries charming! and no youth, divine!  
 And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust  
 Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.  
 Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades  
 Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.  
 He ceas'd and wept. With innocence of mien,  
 Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen:

Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silv'ry wing  
 Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,  
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,  
 Once brightest thin'd this child of Heat and Air.  
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r  
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.  
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;  
 It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.  
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,  
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:  
 Rose or Carnation was below my care;  
 I meddle Goddess, only in my sphere.  
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,  
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;  
 Whose spoils this Paper offers to your eye,  
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:  
 Live happy both, and long promote your arts.  
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends  
 To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends.  
 The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,  
 Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;  
 A drowsy Watchman, that just gives a knock,  
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.

Yet

Yet by some object ev'ry brain is fix'd;  
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;  
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find  
 Congenial matter in the Cockle kind;  
 The Mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,  
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss;  
 The head that turns at superlunar things,  
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes  
 And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies*!  
 See Nature in some partial narrow shape,  
 And let the Author of the whole escape;  
 Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,  
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,  
 Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark;  
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day  
 When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,  
 And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,  
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)  
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,  
 On plain Experience lay foundations low,  
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,  
 And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.  
 All seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,  
 Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!  
 We nobly take the high Priori Road,  
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God:  
 Make Nature still incroach upon his plan;  
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can:  
 Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place;  
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space:  
 Or, at one bound, o'erleaping all his laws,  
 Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause;  
 Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,  
 See all in *Self*, and but for self be born:  
 Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,  
 Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.  
 Oh hide the God still more! and make us see  
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee!

Wrapt

Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,  
 Regardless of our merit or default.  
 Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,  
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,  
 Wild thro' Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,  
 Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;  
 That NATURE our Society adores,  
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus Inores.

*Works, Vol. III. p. 223.*

#### PROGRESS OF POETRY.

BUT soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,  
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;  
 Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,  
 But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:  
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;  
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.  
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,  
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;  
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,  
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.  
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few  
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,  
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,  
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.  
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,  
 "Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."  
 Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,  
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;  
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,  
 And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.  
 Such late was Walsli—the Muse's judge and friend,  
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend;  
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;  
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.  
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive.  
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:

The

## THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

27

The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,  
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing;  
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,  
But in low numbers short excursions tries:  
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,  
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew;  
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;  
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;  
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;  
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 101.*

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## POETICAL PERFECTION.

WE conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's  
charms;

Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;  
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,  
Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.  
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join  
The varying verse, the full resounding line,  
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.  
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein  
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.  
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,  
When the tir'd Nation breath'd from civil war.  
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,  
Show'd us that France had something to admire.  
Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,  
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway shone:  
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,  
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.  
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,  
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.  
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,  
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.  
But in known Images of life, I guess  
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.

Observe

Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:  
 Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?  
 What pert low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!  
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!  
 The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,  
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!  
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,  
 To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!

*Works, Vol. II. p. 276.*

PROTEUS.

WHEN thro' the zone of heav'n the mounted sun  
 Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;  
 The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,  
 Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,  
 His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,  
 The Phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,  
 Frequent and full; the consecrated train  
 Of her, whose azure trident awes the main:  
 There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd exhales  
 An oily stream, and taints the noontide gales.  
 To that recess, commodious for surprise,  
 When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,  
 With me repair; and from thy warrior band  
 Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:  
 Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil,  
 For strong the god, and perfected in guile.  
 Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys  
 The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;  
 Their number summ'd, repos'd in sleep profound  
 The scaly charge their guardian god surround:  
 So with his batt'ring flocks the careful swain  
 Abides, pavillion'd on the grassy plain.  
 With pow'rs united, obstinately bold,  
 Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:  
 Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,  
 The mimic force of ev'ry savage shape:

Or

Or glides with liquid lapse a murm'ring stream,  
 Or wrapt in flame, he glows at ev'ry limb.  
 Yet still retentive, with redoubled might,  
 Tho' each vain passive form constrain his flight.  
 But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands  
 Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;  
 The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,  
 And sooth'd the vanquish'd with a victor's pray'r.  
 The bands relax'd, implore the seer to say,  
 What godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?  
 Who straight propitious, in prophetic strain  
 Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.

*Odyssey, b. iv. l. 539.*

PLAY-THINGS (DISSERTATION ON).

" *PLAY* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy  
 " against *Hunger*. *Sophocles* says of *Palamedes*, that  
 " he invented *Dice* to serve sometimes instead of a  
 " Dinner. It is therefore wisely contrived by Nature,  
 " that Children, as they have the keenest *Appetites*,  
 " are most addicted to *Plays*. From the same cause,  
 " and from the unprejudiced and incorrupt simpli-  
 " city of their minds it proceeds, that the *Plays* of  
 " the Ancient Children are preserved more entire  
 " than any other of their customs. In this matter I  
 " would recommend to all who have any concern in  
 " my Son's Education, that they deviate not in the  
 " least from the primitive and simple Antiquity.

" To speak first of the *Whistle*, as it is the first of all  
 " Play-things. I will have it exactly to correspond  
 " with the ancient *Fistula*, and accordingly to be  
 " composed *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

" I heartily wish a diligent search may be made  
 " after the true *Crepitaculum* or *Rattle* of the An-  
 " cients, for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opi-  
 " nion) kept the Children from breaking Earthen  
 " Ware. The *China* cups in these days are not at  
 " all the safer for the modern *Rattles*; which is an  
 " evident

“ evident proof how far their *Crepitacula* exceeded  
“ ours.

“ I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a *Top*,  
“ till I am better informed whether the *Trochus*,  
“ which was recommended by *Cato*, be really our  
“ present *Top*, or rather the *Hoop* which the boys  
“ drive with a stick. Neither *Cross* and *Pile*, nor  
“ *Ducks* and *Drakes* are quite so ancient as *Handy-*  
“ *dandy*, though Macrobius and St. Augustine take  
“ notice of the first, and Minutius Foelix describes  
“ the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is mentioned by Aris-  
“ totle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

“ The Play which the Italians call *Cinque*, and  
“ the French *Mourre*, is extremely ancient: it was  
“ played at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the Marriage of  
“ *Psyche*, and termed by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

“ Julius Pollux describes the *Omilla* or *Gbuck-far-*  
“ *thing*: though some will have our modern *Gbuck-*  
“ *farthing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the Ancients.  
“ He also mentions the *Basilinda*, or *King I am*; and  
“ *Myinda*, or *Hoopers-bids*.

“ But the *Gbyrinda* described by the same Author  
“ is certainly not our *Hot-cockle*; for that was by  
“ pinching and not by striking; though there are  
“ good authors who affirm the *Ratbaggismus* to be  
“ yet nearer the modern *Hot-cockles*. My son Mar-  
“ tin may use either of them indifferently, they  
“ being equally antique.

“ *Building of Houses*, and *Riding upon Sticks*, have  
“ been used by children of all ages; *Ædificare casas*,  
“ *equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whe-  
“ ther the riding upon Sticks did not come into use  
“ after the age of the *Centaur*s.

“ There is one play which shews the gravity of  
“ ancient Education, called the *Acinetinda*, in which  
“ children contended who could longest *stand still*.  
“ This we have suffered to perish entirely; and, if I  
“ might be allowed to guess, it was certainly first lost  
“ among the *French*.

“ I will

"I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidascinda*, which can be no other than our *Puff in a Corner*.

"Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, speaks of the *Melolonthæ* or the *Kite*; but I question whether the Kite of Antiquity was the same with ours; and though the *Opyfloxoria* or *Quail-fighting* is what is most taken notice of, they had doubtless *Cock-matches* also, as is evident from certain ancient Gems and Relievs.

"In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at any Game truly antique, except one, which was invented by a People among the Thracians, who hung up one of their Companions in a rope, and gave him a Knife to cut himself down; which if he failed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead; and this was only reckoned a sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

"I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the beauty of the *Greek* names, whose etymologies acquaint us with the nature of the sports; and how infinitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our barbarous names of Plays."

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the Child the use of some few modern Play-things; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that *Marbles* taught him *Percussion*, and the *Leaves of Motion*; *Nut-crackers*, the use of the *Lever*; *Sawing* on the ends of a board, the *Balance*; *Bottle-screws*, the *Vice*; *Whirligigs*, the *Axis* and *Peritrochia*; *Bird-cages*, the *Pully*; and *Tops*, the *Centrifugal* motion.

Others of his sports were farther carried to improve his tender soul even in Virtue and Morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, *Bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble Virtues, Patience and Constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, and the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of *Stealing*, according to the Custom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 87.*

PRE-EMINENCE.

PTIS from high life high characters are drawn;  
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;  
A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still;  
A gowmsman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;  
Wife, if a minister; but, if a king,  
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.  
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,  
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 118.*

POLYPHEMUS.

WHEN to the nearest verge of land we drew,  
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,  
High, and with dark'ning laurels cover'd o'er;  
Where sheep and goats lay slumbering round the shore.  
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,  
Brown with o'er-arching pine, and spreading oak,  
A giant-shepherd here his flock maintains  
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns.  
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;  
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.  
A form enormous! far unlike the race  
Of human birth, in stature and in face;  
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,  
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.  
I left my vessel at the point of land,  
And close to guard it gave our crew command:  
With only twelve the boldest and the best,  
I seek th' adventure, and forsake the rest.

Then

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

27

Then took a goat-skin fill'd with precious wine,  
 The gift of Maron of Euantheus' line,  
 (The priest of Phœbus at th' Ismarian shrine);  
 In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood  
 Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood:  
 Him, and his house, heav'n mov'd my mind to save,  
 And costly presents in return he gave;  
 Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,  
 A silver bowl that held a copious draught,  
 And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,  
 Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!  
 Which now some ages from his race conceal'd,  
 The hoary fire in gratitude reveal'd;  
 Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent steam,  
 Scarce twenty measures from the living stream  
 To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd  
 Breath'd aromatic fragrancies around.  
 Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,  
 And brought another with provisions stor'd.  
 My soul foreboded I should find the bow'r  
 Of some fell monster, fierce with barb'rous pow'r,  
 Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in heav'n's despight,  
 Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.  
 The cave we found, but vacant all within,  
 (His flock the giant tended on the green),  
 But round the grot we gaze: and all we view,  
 In order rang'd, our admiration drew:  
 The bending shelves with loads of cheeses prest,  
 The folded flocks each sep'rate from the rest;  
 (The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,  
 The new fall'n young here bleating for their dams;  
 The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies);  
 The cavern echoes with responsive cries.  
 Capacious chargers all around were laid,  
 Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.  
 With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store,  
 My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;  
 Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,  
 Consult our safety, and put off to sea.

Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,  
 Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,  
 And try what social rites a savage lends;  
 Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!

Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare,  
 For his return, with sacrifice and pray'r.  
 The loaden shelves afford us full repast;  
 We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.  
 Near half a forest on his back he bore,  
 And cast the pond'rous burden at the door.  
 It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,  
 And sought the deep recesses of the den.  
 Now driv'n before him, thro' the arching rock,  
 Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd flock;  
 Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind,  
 (The males were penn'd in outward courts behind);  
 Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight,  
 To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate.  
 (Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars, compact and strong,  
 The massy load could bear, or roll along).  
 He next betakes him to his ev'ning cares,  
 And sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;  
 Of half the udders eases first the dams,  
 Then to the mother's teat submits the lambs.  
 Half the white stream to hard'ning cheese he prest,  
 And high in wicker-baskets heap'd; the rest,  
 Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd his nightly feast.  
 His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave  
 A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.  
 We stand discover'd by the rising fires,  
 Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires.

What are ye, guests? on what adventure, say,  
 Thus far ye wander thro' the watry way?  
 Pirates, perhaps, who seek thro' seas unknown  
 The lives of others, and expose your own?

His voice like thunder thro' the cavern sounds:  
 My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,  
 Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man!  
 At length, with heart recover'd, I began.

From

From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wand'ers o'er the main,  
 Behold the relics of the Grecian train !  
 Thro' various seas, by various perils tost,  
 And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast ;  
 Far from our destin'd course, and native land,  
 Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command !  
 Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,  
 Atrides' friends, (in arms a mighty name),  
 Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow ;  
 Victors of late, but humble suppliants now !  
 Low at thy knee thy succour we implore ;  
 Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.  
 At least some hospitable gifts bestow ;  
 'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe :  
 'Tis what the gods require ; those gods revere,  
 The poor and stranger are their constant care ;  
 To Jove their cause and their revenge belongs.  
 He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.  
 Fools that ye are ! (the savage thus replies,  
 His inward fury blazing at his eyes) ;  
 Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,  
 To bid me rev'rence or regard the gods.  
 Know then, we Cyclops are a race, above  
 Those air-bred people and their goat-nurs'd Jove ;  
 And learn our pow'r proceeds with thee and thine,  
 Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.  
 But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,  
 Where lies she anchor'd ? near or off the shore ?  
 Thus he. His meditated fraud I find,  
 (Vers'd in the turn of various human kind),  
 And cautious thus. Against a dreadful rock,  
 Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke ;  
 Scarce with these few I 'scap'd, of all my train,  
 Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main ;  
 The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again. }  
 He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand  
 Snatch'd two, unhappy ! of my martial band :  
 And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor ;  
 The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.

Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,  
 And fierce devours it like a mountain beast :  
 He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,  
 Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.  
 We see the death from which we cannot move,  
 And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.  
 His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,  
 A milky deluge next the giant swill'd ;  
 Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern rock  
 Lay senseless and supine, amidst the flock.  
 To seize the time, and with a sudden wound  
 To fix the slumb'ring monster to the ground,  
 My soul impels me ; and in act I stand  
 To draw the sword ; but wisdom held my hand.  
 A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,  
 No mortal forces from the lofty gate  
 Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,  
 And sigh, expecting the return of day.  
 Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,  
 And shed her sacred light along the skies.  
 He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,  
 And to the mother's teat submits the lambs.  
 The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,  
 Two more he snatches, murders and devours.  
 Then pleas'd, and whistling, drives his flock before ;  
 Removes the rocky mountain from the door,  
 And shuts again : with equal ease dispos'd,  
 As a light quiver's lid it op'd and clos'd.  
 His giant voice the echoing region fills :  
 His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.  
 Thus left behind, e'en in the last despair  
 I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my pray'r.  
 Revenge, and doubt, and caution, work'd my breast ;  
 But this of many counsels seem'd the best :  
 The monster's club within the cave I spy'd,  
 A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undry'd,  
 Green from the wood ; of height and bulk so vast,  
 The largest ship might claim it for a mast.  
 This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train  
 A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane ;

The

The narrow'r end I sharpen'd to a spire;  
 Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire;  
 And hid it in the dust that strow'd the cave.  
 Then to my few companions, bold and brave,  
 Propos'd, who first the vent'rous deed should try,  
 In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye  
 To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,  
 When slumber next should tame the man of blood.  
 Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four:  
 Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.  
 He comes with ev'ning: all his fleecy flock  
 Before him march, and pour into the rock:  
 Not one, or male or female, staid behind:  
 (So fortune chanc'd, or so some god design'd;)  
 Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,  
 He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.  
 First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,  
 And then permits their udder to the lambs.  
 Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,  
 Brain'd on the rock; his second dire repast.  
 I then approach'd him, reeking with their gore,  
 And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:  
 Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,  
 Now drain this goblet, potent to digest:  
 Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,  
 And what rich liquors other climates boast.  
 We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,  
 If home thou send us and vouchsafe to spare.  
 But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,  
 The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,  
 And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat,  
 Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.  
 More! give me more, he cry'd: the boon be thine,  
 Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine!  
 Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,  
 Such as th' unblest Cyclopean climes produce;  
 (Tho' sure our vine the largest cluster yields,  
 And Joye's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our fields):

But

But this descended from the blest abodes,  
A rill of nectar, streaming from the gods;

He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,  
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul:  
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;  
While thus my fraudulent speech I reassume.  
Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,  
And plead my title: Noman is my name:  
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,  
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers:

The giant then. Our promis'd grace receive,  
The hospitable boon we mean to give:  
When all thy wretched crew have felt my pow'r,  
Noman shall be the last I will devour.

He said: then nodding with the fumes of wine,  
Dropt his huge head, and snoring lay supine;  
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulder hung,  
Prest with the weight of sleep that tames the strong;  
There belcht the mingled streams of wine and blood;  
And human flesh, his indigested food.  
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire  
With animating breath the seeds of fire;  
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,  
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare:  
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed  
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.  
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;  
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring,  
Urg'd by some present god, they swift let fall  
The pointed torment on his visual ball;  
Myself above them from a rising ground  
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round.  
As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,  
Who ply the whimble, some huge beam to bore:  
Urg'd on all hands it nimbly spins about,  
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:  
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;  
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;  
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow black;  
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.

And

And as, when arm'd revers temper in the ford  
 The keen-edg'd pole-axe or the shining sword,  
 The red-hot metal hisses in the lake;  
 Thus, in his eye-ball his'd the plunging flake.  
 He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around  
 Thro' all their inmost winding caves resound,  
 Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand,  
 He tore and dash'd on earth the goary brand;  
 Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,  
 With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.  
 From all the dens the one-ey'd race repair,  
 From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air;  
 All haste, assembled at his well-known roar,  
 Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.

What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange affright  
 Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night!  
 Does any mortal in th' unguarded hour  
 Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or pow'r?  
 Or thieves insidious thy fair flock surprise?  
 Thus they. The Cyclop from his den replies.

Friends, Noman kills me; Noman, in the hour  
 Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent pow'r?  
 "If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine  
 "Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:  
 "To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray;"  
 The brethren cry'd, and instant strode away.

Joy touch'd my secret soul, and conscious heart,  
 Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.  
 Mean time the Cyclop, raging with his wound,  
 Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round;  
 At last, the stone removing from the gate,  
 With hands extended in the midst he sat;  
 And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,  
 Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door.  
 (Such as his shallow wit he deem'd was mine);  
 But secret I revolv'd the deep design:  
 'Twas for our lives my lab'ring bosom wrought;  
 Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd ev'ry thought:  
 This way and that I cast, to save my friends,  
 Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.

Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,  
 Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.  
 These, three and three, with osier bands we ty'd,  
 (The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supply'd),  
 The midmost bore a man; the outward two  
 Secur'd each side: so bound we all the crew.  
 One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;  
 In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,  
 And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,  
 There cling implicit, and confide in Jove.  
 When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,  
 He drove to pasture all the lusty males:  
 The ewes still folded; with distended thighs  
 Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries:  
 But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,  
 He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,  
 (Fool that he was) and let them safely go,  
 All unsuspecting of their freight below.

The master ram at last approach'd the gate,  
 Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.  
 Him while he past the monster blind bespoke;  
 What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?  
 First thou art wont to crop the flow'ry mead,  
 First to the field and river's bank to lead,  
 And first with stately step at ev'ning hour  
 Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bow'r.  
 Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow  
 Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!  
 Seest thou these lids that now infold in vain?  
 (The deed of Noman and his wicked train):  
 Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,  
 And wou'd but fate the pow'r of speech afford;  
 Soon might'st thou tell me where in secret here  
 The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:  
 Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to rock,  
 His batter'd brains shou'd on the pavement smoke.  
 No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,  
 While such a monster as vile Noman lives.

The giant spoke, and thro' the hollow rock  
 Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.

No sooner freed, and thro' th' inclosure past,  
 First I release myself, my fellows last:  
 Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,  
 And reach our vessel on the winding shore.  
 With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,  
 And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.  
 Big tears of transport stand in ev'ry eye,  
 I check their fondness, and command to fly.  
 Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,  
 And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,  
 As far as human voice could reach the ear;  
 With taunts the distant giant I accost:  
 Hear me, oh Cyclop! hear ungracious host!  
 'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,  
 Thou meditat' st thy meal in yonder cave;  
 But one, the vengeance fated from above  
 Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.  
 Thy barb'rous breach of hospitable bands,  
 The god, the god revenges by my hands.

These words the Cyclop's hunting rage provoke;  
 From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;  
 High o'er the billows flew the massy load,  
 And near the ship came thund'ring on the flood.  
 It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before;  
 The whole sea shook, and reflux beat the shore.  
 The strong concussion on the heaving tide  
 Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side;  
 Again I shov'd her off; our fate to fly,  
 Each nerve we stretch, and ev'ry oar we ply,  
 Just 'scap'd impending death; when now again  
 We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,  
 Once more I raise my voice; my friends, afraid,  
 With mild entreaties my design dissuade.  
 What boots the godless giant to provoke,  
 Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke?  
 Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,  
 Old Ocean shook, and back his surges flew.  
 Thy sounding voice directs his aim again;  
 The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.

But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,  
 Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.  
 Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,  
 Ask who disfigur'd thus that eye-less face,  
 Say, 'twas Ulysses; 'twas his deed declare;  
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair;  
 Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,  
 Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.

Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies:  
 Oh heav'n's! oh faith of ancient prophecies!  
 This, Telemes Eurymedes foretold,  
 (The mighty seer who on these hills grew old;  
 Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,  
 And learn'd in all-wing'd omens of the air),  
 Long since he menac'd, such was fate's command;  
 And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand:  
 I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,  
 Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;  
 Not this weak pigmy wretch, of mean design,  
 Who not by strength subdu'd me, but by wine.  
 But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray  
 Great Neptune's blessing on the watry way:  
 For his I am, and I the lineage own:  
 Th' immortal father no less boasts the son.  
 His pow'r can heal me, and re-light my eye;  
 And only his, of all the gods on high.

Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)  
 From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,  
 And send thee howling to the realms of night!  
 As sure as Neptune cannot give thee sight.

Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,  
 With hands uplifted to the starry skies.  
 Hear me, oh Neptune! thou whose arms are hurl'd  
 From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.  
 If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,  
 And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy son:  
 Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,  
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair,  
 If to review his country be his fate,  
 Be it thro' toils and sufferings, long and late,

His

His lost companions let him first deplore;  
 Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;  
 And when at home, from foreign sufferings freed,  
 More near and deep domestic woes succeed!

With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,  
 And angry Neptune heard th' unrighteous pray'r.  
 A larger rock than heaving from the plain,  
 He whirl'd it round: it sung across the main:  
 It fell, and burst'd the stern: the billows roar,  
 Shake at the weight, and resurgent beat the shore.  
 With all our force we kept aloof to sea,  
 And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.

*Odyssey, b. ix. l. 213.*

#### PARIS AND MENELAUS.

THUS by their leaders' care each martial band  
 Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.  
 With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,  
 Proclaim the motions, and provoke the war:  
 So when inclement winters vex the plain  
 With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,  
 To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,  
 With noise and order thro' the mid-way sky:  
 To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,  
 And all the war descends upon the wing.  
 But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and still'd  
 By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,  
 Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around  
 Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.  
 Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds  
 A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,  
 Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade,  
 To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;  
 While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,  
 Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:  
 So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the Grecian train  
 A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.  
 Now front to front the hostile armies stand,  
 Eager of fight, and only wait command;

When

When, to the van, before the sons of fame,  
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came:  
In form a god! the panther's speckled hide,  
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride;  
His bended bow across his shoulders hung,  
His sword beside him negligently hung;  
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,  
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,  
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain;  
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, espies,  
With heart elated and with joyful eyes,  
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,  
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;

Eager he seizes, and devours the slain,  
Prest by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain.  
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,  
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground.  
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,  
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,  
Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,  
And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.  
As when some shepherd from the rustling trees  
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;  
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,  
And all confus'd, precipitates his flight;  
So from the king the shining warrior flies,  
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As god-like Hector sees the prince retreat,  
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.  
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!  
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!  
Oh hadst thou dy'd, when first thou saw'st the light,  
Or dy'd at least before thy nuptial rite!  
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,  
And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host.  
Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see  
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!  
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,  
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.

In former days, in all thy gallant pride,  
 When thy tall ships triumphant stem'd the tide,  
 When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,  
 And crowds stood wond'ring at the passing show;  
 Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,  
 You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,  
 Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,  
 And both her warlike lords outshin'd in Helen's eyes?  
 This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,  
 Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;  
 This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;  
 Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?  
 Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know  
 Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.  
 Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,  
 Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,  
 Beauty and youth, in vain to these you trust,  
 When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:  
 Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow  
 Crush the dire author of his country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks;  
 'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks:  
 But who, like thee, can boast a soul sedate,  
 So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?  
 Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,  
 Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows,  
 Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,  
 With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.  
 Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms  
 With which a lover golden Venus arms;  
 Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,  
 No wish can gain them, but the gods bestow.  
 Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat stand,  
 The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;  
 Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,  
 And, on that stage of war, the cause be try'd;  
 By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,  
 For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought;  
 And who his rival can in arms subdue,  
 His be the fair, and his the treasure too.

Thus

## THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,  
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;  
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,  
Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,  
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy;  
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe  
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow.

While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour  
Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.

Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd,  
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:  
A parley Hector asks, a message bears;  
We know him by the various plume he wears.  
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,  
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.

*Iliad, b. iii. l. r.*

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## PREJUDICE.

YET more; the diff'rence is as great between  
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.  
All manners take a tincture from our own;  
Or come discolour'd thro' our passions shown.  
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,  
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 114.*

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## THE PROVOCATION.

THE trembling queen (th' almighty order giv'n)  
Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to heav'n.  
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er  
In thought, a length of lands he trode before,  
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,  
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:

So

# THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

45

So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes,  
If thought of man can match the speed of gods.  
There sat the pow'rs in awful synod plac'd,  
They bow'd and made obeisance as she pass'd,  
Thro' all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd  
They hail her queen: the nectar streams around.  
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,  
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies:  
Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,  
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,  
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.  
Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call:  
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;  
But Jove shall thunder thro' th' æthereal dome:  
Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,  
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprize,  
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The goddess said, and sullen took her place:  
Blank horror sadden'd each celestial face;  
To see the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breast,  
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express,  
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,  
Sat stedfast care, and low'ring discontent.  
Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye pow'rs above,  
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove:  
Supreme he sits; and sees in pride of sway,  
Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey;  
Fierce in the majesty of pow'r controuls,  
Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.  
Submit, immortals! all he wills, obey;  
And thou, great Mars, begin and shew the way.  
Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,  
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;  
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,  
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.  
Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,  
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun  
Thus then, immortals! thus shall Mars obey:  
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:  
Descending

Descending first to yon forbidden plain,  
 The god of battle dares avenge the slain;  
 Dares, tho' the thunder, bursting o'er my head,  
 Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight  
 To join his rapid coursers for the fight!  
 Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;  
 Arms, that reflect a radiance thro' the skies.

*Iliad, b. xv. l. 84.*

#### PUNS.

THERE unfortunately happened, soon after, an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchased the body of a Malefactor, he hired a room for its dissection near the Pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn-Road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve o'clock at night in a Hackney coach, few House-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of Operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have slipped from him, which he (to save from falling) grasped so hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noise exactly like the *Crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Oeconomy could remain in a dead man) was so terrified, that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his philosophy could not prevail upon him to return to his post.—You may say what you please (quoth Crambe), no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay he seemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpse down stairs made such a noise that it awakened the whole house. The maid shrieked, the landlady cried out, Thieves! but the landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in

one

one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid with only a single petticoat ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and listened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one stair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpse unknown. The wife ran into the street, and cried out, Murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The watch imagined they were making their escape, seized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Justice: where, upon searching them, several kinds of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Justice first examined Crambe—What is your Name? says the Justice. I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet: they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myself; though it may be some dispute to Posterity.—What is yours and your Master's profession? "It is

"our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut  
 "off the heads, and pull out the hearts of those that  
 "never injured us; we rip up big-bellied women,  
 "and tear children limb from limb," Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Justice, being strangely astonished with the frankness of Crambe's Confession, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following Speech:

"May it please your Worship, as touching the  
 "body of this man, I can answer each head that my  
 "accusers alledge against me to a hair. They have  
 "hitherto talked like numsculls without brains; but  
 "if your Worship will not only give ear, but regard  
 "me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-  
 "beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries,  
 "who now stand cheek by jowl by your Worship. I  
 "will prove to their faces, that their foul mouths  
 "have not opened their lips without a falsity; though  
 "they have showed their teeth as if they would bite  
 "off my nose. Now, Sir, that I may fairly slip my  
 "neck

" neck out of the collar, I beg this matter may not  
 " be slightly skinned over. Though I have no man  
 " here to back me, I will unbofom myself, since  
 " Truth is on my fide, and shall give them their bel-  
 " lies full, though they think they have me upon the  
 " hip. Whereas they say I came into their lodgings,  
 " with arms, and murdered this man without their  
 " Privy, I declare I had not the least finger in it ;  
 " and since I am to stand upon my own legs, nothing  
 " of this matter shall be left till I fet it upon a right  
 " foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's  
 " blood and guts bear this usage : I shall not spare  
 " my lungs to defend my good name : I was even  
 " reckoned a good liver ; and I, think I have the  
 " bowels of compassion. I ask but justice, and from  
 " the crown of my head to the sole of my foot I shall  
 " ever acknowledge myself your Worship's humble  
 " Servant."

The Justice stared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted  
 up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked  
 in this rambling incoherent manner, till at length  
 Martin begged to be heard. It was with great diffi-  
 culty that the Justice was convinced, till they sent for  
 the Finisher of human laws, of whom the Corpse had  
 been purchased ; who looking near the left ear, knew  
 his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a  
 passion at Crambe. " What Dæmon, he cried, hath  
 " possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that im-  
 " pertinent custom of punning ? Neither my counsel  
 " nor my example have thus misled thee ; thou go-  
 " vernest thyself by most erroneous Maxims." Far  
 from it (answers Crambe), my life is as orderly as my  
 Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I order my life. I  
 have made a Kalendar of radical words for all the  
 seasons, months, and days of the year : Every day I  
 am under the dominion of a certain Word ; but this  
 day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am go-  
 verned by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions,  
 nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not  
 governed

governed by the word *Led*? Our Noblemen and Drunkards are pimp-led, Physicians and Pulses fee-led, their Patients and Oranges pil-led, a New-married Man and an Ass are bride-led, an Old-married Man and a Pack-horse sad-led, Cats and Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility are sty-led, a Coquette and a Tinder-box are spark-led, a Lover and a Blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—— Which thou art (replied Martin, stamping with his foot), which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable—There it is now! (interrupted Crambe), this is your day for *Uns*. Martin could bear no longer—— however, composing his Countenance, “Come hither (he cried), “there are five pounds, seventeen shillings and nine-pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three “weeks, two days, and four hours.” Poor Crambe, upon the receipt of his salary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words:——“O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a “crime, ’tis a crime I have learned from thee: O “Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example “was I biassed.”——Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned) hesitated, relented, and reinstated Crambe into his Service.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 108.*

#### A POET.

LET me for once presume t’ instruct the times,  
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:  
’Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;  
Enrage, compose, with more than magic Art,  
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;  
And snatch me, o’er the earth, or thro’ the air,  
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 281.*

## PHILÆTIUS.

FROM Cephalenia, cross the surgy main,  
 Philæti'us late arriv'd, a faithful swain.  
 A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,  
 And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;  
 Imported in a shallop not his own;  
 The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.  
 Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind  
 He thus began, benevolent of mind.

What guest is he, of such majestic air?  
 His lineage and paternal clime declare:  
 Dim thro' the eclipse of fate, the rays divine  
 Of sov'reign state with faded splendor shine.  
 If monarchs by the gods are plung'd in woe,  
 To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!  
 Then affable he thus the chief address'd,  
 Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd.

Stranger! may fate a milder aspect shew,  
 And spin thy future with a whiter clue!  
 O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;  
 The tyrant, not the father of the skies!  
 Unpiteous of the race thy will began!  
 The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,  
 With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,  
 The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.  
 Ulysses from his state a wand'rer still,  
 Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wisdom, or thy will:  
 O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—  
 Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!  
 Like thee, poor stranger guest, deny'd his home!  
 Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!  
 Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,  
 In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!  
 O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,  
 I'll grieve till sorrow sink me to the grave?

His

His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,  
 The regent of his Cephaleſian herd;  
 With vaſt increaſe beneath my care it ſpreads,  
 A ſtately breed! and blackens far the meads.  
 Conſtrain'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import,  
 To cram theſe cormorants that crowd his court:  
 Who in partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;  
 Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.  
 Since here reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide,  
 Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:  
 Now to ſome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,  
 And with the royal herd protection buy:  
 Then happier thoughts return; the nodding ſcale  
 Light mounts, deſpair, alternate hopes, prevail;  
 In op'ning proſpects of ideal joy,  
 My king returns; the proud uſurpers die.  
 To whom the chief; in thy capacious mind  
 Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;  
 Attend a deed already ripe in fate;  
 Atteſt, O Jove, the truth I now relate!  
 The ſacred truth atteſt each genial pow'r,  
 Who bleſs the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!  
 Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)  
 Thy wiſh produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey  
 Thy wond'ring eyes ſhall view: his rightful reign  
 By arms avow'd Ulyſſes ſhall regain,  
 And to the ſhades devote the ſuitor train. }  
 O Jove ſupreme, the raptur'd ſwain replies,  
 With deeds conſummate ſoon the promis'd joys!  
 Theſe aged nerves, with new born vigour ſtrung,  
 In that bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young—  
 Aſſents Eumæus to the pray'r addreſt!  
 And equal ardours fire his loyal breaſt.

*Odyssey, b. xxii. l. 233.*

## PRIDE.

OF all the cauſes which conſpire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,  
 What

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
 Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.  
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,  
 She gives in large recruits of needless Pride;  
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:  
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.  
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.  
 A little learning is a dang'rous thing;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.  
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,  
 While from the bounded level of our mind,  
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise  
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,  
 Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky,  
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:  
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,  
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,  
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

*Works, Vol. I. p. 81.*

#### THE PROPOSAL.

AND Pallas now, to raise the rival's fires,  
 With her own art Penelope inspires;  
 Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing  
 The well-aim'd arrow thro' the distant ring.

Shall

Shall end the strife, and win th' Imperial daim :  
But discord and black death await the game !

The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends,  
At distance due a virgin-train attends ;  
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,  
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd :  
Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,  
Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay ;  
There shone high heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,  
And there the bow which great Ulysses bore,  
And there the quiver where now guiltless slept  
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long since, when Sparta's shores he trod,  
On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd ;  
Beneath Orsilochus's roof they met ;  
One loss was private, one a public debt ;  
Messena's state from Ithaca detains  
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd swains !  
And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,  
The king and elders trust their common cause.  
But Iphitus employ'd on other cares,  
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,  
And mules the strongest of the lab'ring kind ;  
Hapless to search ! more hapless still to find !  
For journeying on to Hercules, at length  
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,  
Deaf to heav'n's voice, the social rite transgress'd ;  
But for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest.  
He gave the bow ; and on Ulysses' part  
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart ;  
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore  
Their first, last pledges ! for they met no more.  
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,  
Ulysses bore not from his native land :  
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,  
But kept in dear memorial of his friend.

Now gently winding up the fair ascent  
By many an easy step, the matron went ;  
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,  
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine),

The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,  
 With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid;  
 The bolt, obedient to the silken string,  
 Forfakes the staple as she pulls the ring:  
 The wards respondent to the key turn round;  
 The bars fall back; the flying valves resound:  
 Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,  
 So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.  
 She moves majestic thro' the wealthy room,  
 Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;  
 There, from the column where aloft it hung,  
 Reach'd, in its splendid case the bow unstrung:  
 Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,  
 And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.  
 To full satiety of grief she mourns,  
 Then silent, to the joyous hall returns;  
 To the proud suitors bears in pensive state  
 Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,  
 Which held th' alternate brass and silver rings,  
 Full in the portal the chaste queen appears,  
 And with her veil conceals the coming tears:  
 On either side awaits a virgin fair;  
 While thus the matron with majestic air:

Say you, whom these forbidden walls inclose,  
 For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;  
 If these neglected, faded charms can move?  
 Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?  
 If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,  
 Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.  
 Who first Ulysses' wond'rous bow shall bend,  
 And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,  
 Him will I follow and forsake my home,  
 For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,  
 Long, long the scene of all my past delight,  
 And still to last, the vision of my night!

Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus show  
 The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.

*Odyssey, b. xxi. l. 1.*

## PATERNAL FONDNESS.

UNSEEN by these, the king his entry made;  
 And prostrate now before Achilles laid,  
 Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;  
 Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hand in tears;  
 Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd  
 Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch, (who conscious of his crime,  
 Pursu'd for murder flies his native clime),  
 Just gains some frontier breathless, pale, amaz'd!  
 All gaze, all wonder! thus Achilles gaz'd:  
 Thus stood th' attendants, stupid with surprize;  
 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes!  
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,  
 Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!  
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!  
 In me, that father's reverend image trace,  
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face;  
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!  
 In all my equal, but in misery!  
 Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate  
 Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;  
 Think, from some pow'rful foe thou seest him fly,  
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.  
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;  
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;  
 And hearing still may hope, a better day  
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.  
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,  
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!  
 Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,  
 The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:  
 Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!  
 How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled?  
 Still one was left, their loss to recompence;  
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.

Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,  
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!

For him thro' hostile camps I bent my way,  
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;  
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;  
Oh, hear the wretched, and the gods revere!

Think of thy father, and this face behold!  
See him in me as helpless and as old!

Tho' not so wretched: there he yields to me,  
The first of men in sov'reign misery.

Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace  
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:  
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,  
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,  
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.  
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)  
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.  
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;  
And now the mingled tides together flow:  
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er;  
A father one, and one a son deplore;  
But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,  
And now his fire he mourns, and now his friend.  
The infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;  
One universal, solemn show'r began;  
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man. }  
Sate at length with unavailing woes,  
From the high-throne divine Achilles rose;  
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;  
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,  
Not unrelenting: then serene began  
With words to soothe the miserable man.

Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known!  
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone  
To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face  
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race?  
Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,  
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.

Rise

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

39

Rise then : let reason mitigate our care :  
 To mourn avails not ; man is born to bear.  
 Such is, alas ! the gods severe decree ;  
 They, only they are blest, and only free.  
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,  
 The source of evil one, and one of good ;  
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,  
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills ;  
 To most, he mingles both : the wretch decreed  
 To taste the bad unmix'd, is curst indeed ;  
 Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,  
 He wanders outcast both of earth and heav'n.  
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,  
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.  
 Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r ?  
 What stars concurring blest his natal hour !  
 A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n,  
 Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n !  
 One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day,  
 No race succeeding to imperial sway :  
 An only son ! and he (alas) ordain'd  
 To fall untimely in a foreign land !  
 See him, in Troy, the pious care decline  
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine !  
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld ;  
 In riches once, in children once excell'd ;  
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,  
 And all fair Lesbó's blissful seats contain,  
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.  
 But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,  
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,  
 What sees the sun but hapless heroes' falls ?  
 War, and the blood of men surround thy walls !  
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed  
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead ;  
 Thou can'st not call him from the Stygian shore,  
 But thou alas ! may'st live to suffer more !  
 To whom the king. O favour'd of the skies !  
 Here let me grow to earth ! since Hector lies  
 On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.

D 3

O give

O give me Hector! to my eyes restore  
 His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.  
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;  
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy:  
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give  
 A weak old man to see the light and live!

*Iliad, b. xxiv. l. 584.*

#### THE PASSIONS.

MODES of Self-love the Passions we may call;  
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:  
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide,  
 And reason bids us for our own provide;  
 Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,  
 Lift under reason, and deserve her care;  
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,  
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name

In lazy apathy let stoics boast  
 Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;  
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;  
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:  
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul,  
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.  
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale;  
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,  
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,  
 Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:  
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ;  
 But what composes man, can man destroy?  
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,  
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.  
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,  
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,  
 These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,  
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind:  
 The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife  
 Give all the strength and colour of our life.

AS man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
 Receives the lurking principle of death;  
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,  
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his  
 strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,  
 The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;  
 Each vital humour which should feel the whole,  
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:  
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,  
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,  
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,  
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;  
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;  
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,  
 As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

AS fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,  
 On savage Rocks inserted learn to bear;  
 The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,  
 Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.  
 What crops of wit and honesty appear  
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!  
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;  
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;  
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,  
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;  
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,  
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;  
 Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,  
 But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 59, 60, 61, 62.*

#### PASSION (THE RULING).

SEARCH then the RULING PASSION: There,  
 alone,  
 The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;  
 D 4 The

The Fool consistent, and the False sincere ;  
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.  
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,  
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd,  
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,  
 Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise :  
 Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,  
 Women and Fools must like him, or he dies :  
 Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,  
 The Club must hail him master of the joke.  
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?  
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.  
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores  
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;  
 Enough if all around him but admire,  
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.  
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,  
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;  
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;  
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt ;  
 His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,  
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;  
 A constant bounty which no friend has made ;  
 An angel tongue which no man can persuade ;  
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,  
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd :  
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;  
 A rebel to the very king he loves ;  
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,  
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.  
 Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule ?  
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 120.*

#### POETS (INCORRIGIBLE).

STILL humming on, their drowzy course they keep,  
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.

False

False steps but help them to renew the race,  
 As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.  
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,  
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,  
 Still run on poets in a raging vein,  
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,  
 Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,  
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless bards we have—

*Works, Vol. I. p. 96.*

#### PASTORAL POETRY.

A PASTORAL is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 4.*

#### PASTORAL COMEDY.

I HAVE not attempted any thing of a Pastoral Comedy, because, I think, the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing: Conceit is to nature

ture what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit: infomuch, that the criticks have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epick no less than the Pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the Fable too. If surprising discoveries should have place in the story of a Pastoral Comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence, which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the fountain, which is the contrivance of *Daphne*; and even that is the most simple in the world: the contrary is observable in *Pastor Fido*, where *Corisca* is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the Pastoral Comedy has another disadvantage, as to the manners: Its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being oppos'd to their contraries.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 44.*

#### PROPERTY (INCONSTANCY OF)

WHAT's *Property*? dear *Swift*! you see it alter  
 From you to me, from me to *Peter Walter*;  
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a *Lawyer's* share;  
 Or in a jointure, vanish from the heir;

Or

## THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Or in pure equity (the case not clear)  
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year :  
At best, it falls to some ungracious son,  
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."  
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,  
Become the portion of a booby Lord ;

*Works, Vol. II. p. 230.*

### PATROCLUS'S FALL.

MEANWHILE Patroclus pours along the plains,  
With foaming coursers and with loosen'd reins,  
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,  
Ah, blind to fate ! thy headlong fury flew ;  
Against what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain,  
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.  
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd  
Disarm the mighty, and confound the bold ;  
The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,  
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero ! by that arm was slain,  
Who last, beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain :  
When heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,  
And call'd to fill the number of the dead ?  
Adrestus first ; Autonous then succeeds ;  
Echeclus follows ; next young Megas bleeds ;  
Epistor, Menalippus, bite the ground ;  
The slaughter, Elafus and Mulus crown'd :  
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night ;  
The rest, dispersing, trusts their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless pow'r,  
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tow'r.  
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook,  
His blazing Ægis thrice Apollo took ;  
He try'd the fourth, when bursting from the cloud,  
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud,  
Patroclus ! cease ; this heav'n-defended wall  
Defies thy lance ! not fated yet to fall :

Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,  
 Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.  
 So spoke the god, who darts celestial fires :  
 The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires.  
 While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates  
 His panting coursers in his breast debates,  
 Or in the field his forces to employ,  
 Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.  
 Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood  
 In Aïus' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood ;  
 (Thy brother, Hecuba ! from Dymas sprung,  
 A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young).  
 Thus he accosts him. What a shameful fight ?  
 Gods ! is it Hector that forbears the fight ?  
 Were thine my vigour, this successful spear  
 Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.  
 Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,  
 And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.  
 Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,  
 And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.

So spoke th' inspiring god ; then took his flight,  
 And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.

He bids Cebrión drive the rapid car ;  
 The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war.  
 The god the Grecians sinking souls deprest,  
 And pour'd swift spirits thro' each Trojan breast.  
 Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight ;  
 A spear his left, a stone employs his right :  
 With all his nerves he drives it at the foe ;  
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below ;  
 The falling ruin crush'd Cebrión's head,  
 (The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed),  
 His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound,  
 The bursting balls drop fightless to the ground.  
 The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,  
 Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.  
 To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,  
 While the proud victor thus his fall derides :

Good heav'n's ! what active seats yon artist shows !  
 What skilful drivers are our Phrygian foes !

Mark

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

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Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!  
Pity! that all their practice is by land.

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,  
To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies;  
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,  
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;  
Pierc'd thro' the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain;  
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.  
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,  
Defends the body, and provokes the war.  
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,  
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;  
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,  
And echoing roars rebellow thro' the shades.  
Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,  
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.  
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,  
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.  
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud  
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;  
Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,  
The broad oaks crackle, and the sylvans groan:  
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,  
And the whole forest in one crash descends.  
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,  
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage,  
Darts show'r'd on darts, now round the carcase ring;  
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:  
Stones follow stones: some clatter on the fields,  
Some, hard and heavy, shake the sounding shields.  
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,  
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,  
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins.  
Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driv'n  
His fervid orb thro' half the vault of heav'n;  
While on each host with equal tempest fell  
The show'ring darts, and numbers sunk to hell.  
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,  
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.

Then

Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,  
 They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.  
 Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,  
 And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.  
 Thrice on the press, like Mars, himself he flew,  
 And thrice three heroes on each onset flew.  
 There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine  
 The last black remnant of so bright a line;  
 Apollo dreadful, stops thy middle way;  
 Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day.

For lo! the god, in dusky clouds enshrin'd,  
 Approaching, dealt a stag'ring blow behind.  
 The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;  
 His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel  
 In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,  
 His bounding helmet on the campaign rung.  
 Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore;  
 That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before,  
 Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,  
 And shield the temples of the man diviner  
 Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;  
 Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.

His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield  
 Drops from his arm: his baldrick throws the field:  
 The cos'let his astonish'd breast forsakes:  
 Loose is each joint: each nerve with horror shakes.  
 Stupid he staves, and all-assistless stands:  
 Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,  
 From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name:  
 Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,  
 Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course,  
 Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,  
 While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.  
 His vent'rous spear first drew the hero's gore:  
 He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more:  
 Nor, tho' disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood:  
 But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,  
 And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.

Thus

Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,  
 Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear;  
 Retires for succour to his social train,  
 And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.  
 Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,  
 Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat pursues:  
 The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;  
 He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.  
 With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all  
 Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.  
 So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,  
 The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,  
 Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,  
 With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;  
 At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife,  
 And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.  
 Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,  
 So many lives effus'd, expires his own.  
 As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,  
 He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:  
     Lie there, Patroclus! and, with thee, the joy  
     Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;  
     The fancy'd scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,  
     And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!  
     Unthinking man! I fought, these tow'rs to free,  
     And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee;  
     But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made;  
     Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;  
     Tho' much at parting that great chief might say,  
     And much enjoin thee, this important day,  
     "Return not, my brave friend, (perhaps he said),  
     "Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."  
 He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.  
     Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,  
 With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.  
 Vain boaster! cease; and know, the pow'rs divine,  
 Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;  
 To heav'n is ow'd what'er your own you call,  
 And heav'n itself disarm'd me ere my fall.

Had

Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,  
 Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:  
 By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown:  
 Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.  
 But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;  
 The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.  
 Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I;  
 Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;  
 Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,  
 I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way,  
 (The beauteous body left a load of clay),  
 Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;  
 A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed  
 On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead.

From whence this boding speech, the stern decree  
 Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?  
 Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n  
 To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?

Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay  
 His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;  
 And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear  
 He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.  
 But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins  
 Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,  
 Far from his rage th' immortal coursers drove;  
 Th' immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

*Iliad, b. xvi. l. 387.*

#### PRUDERY.

#### WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam,  
 Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.  
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.  
 'Tis (no, tisn't) like Miss Meadows.  
 'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,  
 Old, and void of all good-nature;

Lean

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Lean and fretful ; would seem wise ;  
Yet plays the fool before she dies.  
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,  
That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 40.*

### QUEEN OF THEBES (JOCASTA).

SULLEN and sour, with discontented mien,  
Jocasta frown'd, th' incestuous Theban queen !  
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,  
Tho' father's blood imbru'd his murd'rous hands ;  
The gods and men the dire offence detest,  
The gods with all their furies rend their breast :  
In lofty Thebes he wore th' imperial crown,  
A pompous wretch ! accus'd upon a throne.  
The wife self-murder'd, from a beam depends,  
And her soul soul to blackest hell descends ;  
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,  
And the fiends hunt him with a thousand stings.

*Odyssey, b. xi. l. 329.*

### QUEEN'S DEATH.

*Nov. 24, 1737.*

THE event of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind, and mine so much that I could not get done what you desired as to Dr. P. but as soon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will send them to Mr. K. The death of great persons is such a sort of surprise to *all*, as every one's death is to himself, tho' both should equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to esteem and commend our superiors, at the time that we pity them, because then they seem not above ourselves. The Queen shewed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and tem-

per

per to her last moments, and thro' the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestick servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears. But the Publick is always hard; rigid at best, even when just, in its opinion of any one. The only pleasure which any one, either of high or low rank, must depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that small circle we are conversant in: and it is therefore the greatest satisfaction to such as with us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance, or rather increase of those blessings which make your domestick life happy: I have nothing so good to add, as to assure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, etc.

*Works, Vol. VI. p. 326.*

#### THE RAFT, BUILT BY ULYSSES.

NOW toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown,  
Fall crackling round him, and the forests groan:  
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,  
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.  
At equal angles these dispos'd to join,  
He smooth'd and squar'd 'em by the rule and line,  
(The wimbles for the work Calypso found);  
With those he pierc'd them, and with clenchers bound,  
Long and capacious, as a shipwright forms  
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the storms.  
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it strong  
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;  
These form'd the sides; the deck he fashion'd last;  
Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast,  
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind;  
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd.  
(With yielding oars fenc'd, to break the force  
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course).

Thy

Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails  
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.  
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship;  
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.

Four days were past, and now, the work complete,  
Shone the fifth morn; when from her sacred seat  
The nymph dismiss'd him; (od'rous garments giv'n,  
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heav'n):  
Then fill'd two goat skins with her hands divine,  
With water one, and one with sable wine:  
Of ev'ry kind provisions heav'd aboard;  
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.  
The goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,  
To curl old Ocean, and to warm the skies.

*Odyssey, b. v. l. 393.*

#### RIVER OF HELL (PHLEGETON.)

THY fated road, (the magic pow'r reply'd),  
Divine Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.  
Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,  
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.  
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,  
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;  
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,  
Poplars and willows, trembling o'er the floods:  
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,  
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:  
Where Phlegeton's loud torrents rushing down,  
His in the flaming gulph of Acheron!  
And where slow-rolling from the Stygian bed,  
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread;  
Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal lake,  
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.

*Odyssey, b. x. l. 598.*

#### RETIREMENT.

HAPPY! next him who to these shades retires,  
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;  
Whom

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,  
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.  
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,  
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;  
 With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,  
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs;  
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;  
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;  
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,  
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er;  
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,  
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,  
 T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,  
 To follow nature and regard his end;  
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,  
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,  
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,  
 Survey the region, and confess her home!  
 Such was the life great *Scipio* once admir'd,  
 Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 48.*

RELIGIOUS TENETS (APOLOGY FOR).

MY LORD,

Nov. 20, 1717.

I AM truly obliged by your kind condolence on my Father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same  
 tender

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tender nature; *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with *Euryalus*,

*Nequam lachrymas perferre parentis.*

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tye, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

*Ignaram hujus quodcunque periculi  
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor *Euryalus* did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *Joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best Controversies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books) there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King *James* the Second: I warmed my head with them; and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most Seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly

thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less Inclination (if possible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather *sloping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a *Catholic* in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject: but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the *British* constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a *Roman Catholic*, or a *French Catholic*, or a *Spanish Catholic*, but a true *Catholic*: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of *England*. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may

may be, and all future Majesties: You see, my Lord,  
I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad*  
*Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and  
sincere thanks, ever Your, &c.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 322.*

## RIDICULE.

YES, I am proud; I must be proud to see  
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;  
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,  
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,  
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!  
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,  
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:  
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,  
To rouse the Watchmen of the Public Weal;  
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,  
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.  
Ye tinsel insects! whom a Court maintains,  
That count your Beauties only by your Stains,  
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day,  
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:  
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,  
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings:  
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,  
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 355.*

## ROSS (THE MAN OF).

BUT all our praises why should Lords engross?  
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS:  
Pleas'd *Vaga* echoes through her winding bounds,  
And rapid *Severn* hoarse applause resounds.

Who

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?  
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
 Whose Causeway parts the vale with shady rows?  
 Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose?  
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?  
 "The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies.  
 Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!  
 The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:  
 He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;  
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,  
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.  
 Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,  
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.  
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,  
 Baulk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.  
 Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,  
 And vile Attorneys, now an useless race.

*B.* Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue  
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!  
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?  
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

*P.* Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,  
 This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.  
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your  
 blaze!  
 Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 153.*

#### SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breathe his native air,  
 In his own ground.

Whose

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

21

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire,  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,  
Together mix'd! sweet recreation!  
And innocence, which most doth please  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
Thus unlamented let me die,  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 67.*

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SILENCE..

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;  
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,  
'Twas one vast Nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,  
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,  
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

Then various elements against thee join'd,  
In one more various animal combin'd,  
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,  
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,  
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

VOL. II.

B

But

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain;  
 Lost in the maze of Words he turns again,  
 And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,  
 Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,  
 And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

With thee in private modest Dullness lies,  
 And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;  
 Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd;  
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,  
 And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name;  
 The only honour of the wishing dame;  
 The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are free,  
 How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee?  
 At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be?

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws  
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:  
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,  
 What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,  
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arm repose.

The country wit, religion of the town,  
 The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,  
 Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,  
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,  
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 9.*

## SATIRE.

'TIS her corrective part,  
 To calm the wild disorders of the heart.  
 She points the arduous height where Glory lies,  
 And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:  
 In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,  
 Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:  
 Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise,  
 And bids the Hag in native horror rise;  
 Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,  
 And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 22.*

## SATIRE (HER BUSINESS).

THO' distant Times may rise in SATIRE's page,  
 Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the *present Age*:  
 With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,  
 And judge the reigning Manners by the past:  
 Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful Shades!) arise,  
 And ancient Honour beams on modern Vice:  
 Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,  
 Till the sons blush at what their Fathers were:  
 Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;  
 Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;  
 When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lye,  
 Or falsify'd the Card, or cogg'd the Dye;  
 Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,  
 Or Chastity was carted for the Whore;  
 Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dress'd;  
 Or public Spirit was the public jest.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 27.*

## SATIRE (LAWFUL.)

F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,  
 You still may lash the greatest in—disgrace:  
 For Merit will by turns forsake them all;  
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall.  
 But let all Satire in all changes spare  
 Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.  
 Silent and soft, as Saints remov'd to Heav'n,  
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,  
 These may some gentle ministerial wing  
 Receive, and place for ever near a King!  
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame, transport,  
 Lull'd with the sweet Nephenthe of a Court,  
 There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace  
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:  
 But past the Sense of human Miseries,  
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;  
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,  
 Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory,  
 Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,  
 And when three Sov'reign's dy'd, could scarce be vex'd,  
 Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.  
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things  
 As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;  
 And at a Peer, or Peerefs, shall I fret,  
 Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?  
*Virtue*, I grant you, is an empty boast;  
 But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?  
 Ye gods, shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,  
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhere a Duke?  
 A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,  
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?  
 Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?  
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?

Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)  
 To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?  
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,  
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!  
 But shall a Printer, weary of his life,  
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?  
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;  
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care;  
 This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,  
 And hurls the Thunder of the laws on *Gin*.

Let modest *FOSTER*, if he will, excell  
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;  
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,  
 Outdo Landasse in Doctrine—yea in Life:  
 Let humble *ALLEN*, with an aukward Shame,  
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.  
*Virtue* may chuse the high or low Degree,  
 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;  
 Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,  
 She's still the same belov'd contented thing.  
*Vice* is undone, if she forgets her Birth,  
 And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:  
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;  
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more,  
 Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,  
 Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;  
 In golden Chains the willing World she draws,  
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws;  
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,  
 And fees pale *Virtue* carted in her stead.  
 Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,  
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a Sear,  
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,  
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground!  
 Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,  
 Before her dance: behind her crawl the Old!  
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,  
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!  
 Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,  
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.

In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,  
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!  
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!  
 See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!  
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,  
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:  
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,  
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:  
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—  
 "Nothing is sacred now but Villainy."  
 Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)  
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 341.*

#### SINGLE COMBAT.

NEXT these a buckler, spear and helm, he brings,  
 Cast on the plain the brazen burden rings:  
 Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,  
 And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.  
 Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries),  
 Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,  
 Now grace the lists before our army's fight,  
 And, sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.  
 Who first the jointed armour shall explore,  
 And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;  
 The sword Asteropus possess of old,  
 (A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold),  
 Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:  
 These arms in common let the chiefs divide:  
 For each brave champion, when the combat ends,  
 A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce at the word, uprose great Tideus' son,  
 And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.  
 Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,  
 The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:  
 Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the fight;  
 Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.

*Oppos'd*

Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,  
 But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.  
 A furious pass the spear of Ajax made  
 Thro' the broad shield, but at the cors'let stay'd:  
 No, thus the foe: his jav'lin, aim'd above  
 The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.  
 But Greece, now trembling for her hero's life,  
 Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.  
 Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,  
 With him the sword and studded belt remains.

*Iliad, b. xxiii. l. 941.*

## STORM AND SHIPWRECK.

AND now, rejoicing in the prosp'rous gales,  
 With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails;  
 Plac'd at the helm he sat, and mark'd the skies,  
 Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes;  
 There view'd the Pleiads, and the northern team,  
 And great Orion's more refulgent boam;  
 To which, around the axle of the sky  
 The bear revolving, points his golden eye;  
 Who shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,  
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.  
 Far on the left, those radiant fires to keep,  
 The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep:  
 Full sev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way;  
 The distant land appear'd the foll'wing day:  
 Then swell'd to fight Phæacia's dusky coast,  
 And woody mountains, half in vapours lost:  
 That lay before him, indistinct and vast,  
 Like a broad shield amid the wat'ry waste.

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,  
 From far on Solyme's aerial brow,  
 The king of ocean saw, and seeing burn'd;  
 (From Ethiopia's happy climes return'd):  
 The raging monarch shook his azure head,  
 And thus in secret to his soul he said.

Heav'ns! how uncertain are the pow'rs on high?  
 Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,  
 In one man's favour; while a distant guest  
 I shar'd secure the Æthiopian feast?  
 Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!  
 The land, affix'd by fate's eternal laws  
 To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?  
 No; if this sceptre yet commands the main.

He spoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd,  
 Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the wat'ry world;  
 At once the face of earth and sea deforms,  
 Swells all the winds, and rouzes all the storms:  
 Down rush'd the night: east, west, together roar;  
 And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore.  
 Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,  
 And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind.

Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend  
 This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?  
 Too well, alas! the island-goddeß knew,  
 On the black sea what perils should ensue.  
 New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;  
 Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes.  
 With what a cloud the brows of heav'n are crown'd!  
 What raging winds! what roaring waters round!  
 'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears;  
 Death, present death, on ev'ry side appears.  
 Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,  
 Prest, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain!  
 Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall;  
 Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall,  
 (Such as was that, when show'rs of jav'lins fled  
 From conqu'ring Troy around Achilles dead),  
 All Greece had paid me solemn fun'rals then,  
 And spread my glory with the sons of men.  
 A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,  
 Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead!

A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,  
 The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke;  
 Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,  
 Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne:

While,

While, by the howling tempest rent in twain,  
 Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.  
 Long prest, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,  
 Clogg'd by the cumb'rous veil Calypso gave:  
 At length emerging, from his nostrils wide,  
 And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide.  
 Ev'n then, not mindless of his last retreat,  
 He seiz'd the raft, and leapt into his seat;  
 Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood  
 Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.  
 As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast,  
 Now to, now fro, before the autumnal blast,  
 Together clung, it rolls around the field;  
 So roll'd the float, and so its texture held.  
 And now the south, and now the north, bear sway;  
 And now the east the foamy floods obey,  
 And now the west wind whirls it o'er the sea.  
 The wand'ring chief, with toils on toils oppress'd,  
 Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast:  
 (Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,  
 But now an azure sifter of the main.)  
 Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,  
 All radiant on the raft the goddess flood:  
 Then thus address'd him. Thou, whom heav'n decrees  
 To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,  
 (Unequal contest!) not his rage and pow'r,  
 Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.  
 What I suggest thy wisdom will perform;  
 Forsake thy float, and leave it to the storm;  
 Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave  
 With naked strength, and plunge into the waves.  
 To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,  
 There fate decrees thy miseries shall end.  
 This heav'nly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,  
 And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.  
 Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,  
 Return the gift, and cast it in the main;  
 Observe my orders, and with heed obey,  
 Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away.

With that her hand the sacred veil bestows,  
Then down the deep she div'd from whence she rose;  
A moment snatch'd the shining form away,  
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.

Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,  
He stands suspended, and explores his mind.  
What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows  
But other gods intend me other woes?  
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join  
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:  
For scarce in kin appears that distant isle  
Thy voice foretels me shall conclude my toil.  
Then thus I judge: while yet the planks sustain  
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain;  
But when their texture to the tempest yields,  
I launch advent'rous on the liquid fields,  
Join to the help of gods the strength of man,  
And take this method, since the best I can.

While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,  
The raging god a wat'ry mountain roll'd;  
Like a black sheet the whelming billow spread,  
Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.  
Planks, beams, disparted fly: the scatter'd wood  
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.  
So the rude Boreas o'er the fields new shorn,  
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.  
And now a single beam the chief bestrides;  
There, pois'd awhile, above the bounding tides  
His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,  
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast:  
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,  
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas along.  
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,  
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous said:

Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes essay!  
Go, wander helpless on the wat'ry way!  
Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then  
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.

Whate'er

Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise  
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.

This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,  
And reach high *Ægæ* and the tow'ry dome.

Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shaking  
pow'r,

Jove's daughter *Pallas* watch'd the fav'ring hour;

Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,

And hush'd the blust'ring brethren of the sky.

The drier blasts alone of *Boreas* sway,

And bear him soft on broken waves away;

With gentle force impelling to that shore,

Where fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.

And now two nights, and now two days were past,

Since wide he wander'd on the wat'ry waste;

Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,

And hourly panting in the arms of death.

The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;

Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain,

The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,

And a dead silence still'd the wat'ry world.

When, lifted on a ridgy wave, he spies

The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes.

As pious children joy with vast delight,

When a lov'd fire revives before their sight,

(Who ling'ring long has call'd on death in vain,

Fix'd by some dæmon to his bed of pain,

Till heav'n by miracle his life restore);

So joys *Ulysses* at th' appearing shore;

And sees (and labours onward as he sees)

The rising forests and the tufted trees.

And now, as near approaching as the sound

Of human voice the listening ear may wound,

Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar

Of murm'ring surges breaking on the shore:

Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,

To shield the vessel from the rolling sea;

But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight!

All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.

Book E 6 Fear

Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart,  
As thus he commun'd with his soul apart.

Ah me! when o'er a length of waters tost,  
These eyes at length behold th' unhop'd-for coast,  
No port receives me from the angry main,  
But the loud deeps demand me back again.  
Above, sharp rocks forbid access; around,  
Roar the wild waves: beneath, is sea profound!  
No footing sure affords the faithless sand,  
To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.

If here I enter, my efforts are vain,  
Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;  
Or round the island if my course I bend,  
Where the ports open, or the shores descend,  
Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,  
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep:  
Or some enormous whale the god may send;  
(For many such an Amphitrite attend);  
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,  
And hate relentless of my heav'nly foe.

While thus he thought, a monst'rous wave up-bore  
The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore:  
Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,  
But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.  
Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,  
And stuck adherent, and suspended hung,  
Till the huge surge roll'd off: then backward sweep  
The reflux tides, and plunge him in the deep.  
As when the Polypus, from forth his cave  
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;  
His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands:  
So the rough rock had snag'd Ulysses hands.  
And now had perish'd whelm'd, beneath the main,  
Th' unhappy man; ev'n fate had been in vain:  
But all-subduing Pallas lent her pow'r,  
And prudence sav'd him in the needful hour.  
Beyond the beating surge his course he bore,  
(A wider circle, but in sight of shore),  
With longing eyes observing, to survey  
Some smooth ascent, or safe-sequester'd bay.

Between

## THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

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Between the parting rocks at length he spy'd  
A falling stream with gentler waters glide;  
Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,  
And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.  
To this calm port the glad Ulysses press'd,  
And hail'd the river, and its god address'd.

Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown  
I bend, a suppliant at thy wat'ry throne,  
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain  
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.  
Heav'n hears and pities hapless men like me,  
For sacred ev'n to gods is misery:  
Let then thy waters give the weary rest,  
And save a suppliant and a man distress'd.

He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream subsides,  
Detains the rushing current of his tides;  
Before the wand'rer smooths the wat'ry way,  
And soft receives him from the rolling sea.  
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,  
He dropt his finewy arms: his knees no more  
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:  
His swol'n heart heav'd; his bloated body swell'd:  
From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;  
And lost in lassitude lay all the man,  
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;  
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.  
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,  
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound;  
Observant of her word, he turn'd aside  
His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.  
Behind him far, upon the purple waves  
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

*Odyssey, b. v. l. 343.*

### SICKNESS.

YOU formerly observ'd to me, that nothing made  
a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the  
disparity we often find in him sick and well: Thus one  
of

of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have receiv'd some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

*The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lies in new light thro' chinks that time has made.*

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our early state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: 'tis like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so  
excessively

excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks, 'tis a shame to be concern'd at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its own course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were us'd to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly express'd in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measur'd by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul," etc. I am,

Your, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 183.*

#### THE SOUL.

AH, fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,  
 That long hast warm'd my tender breast,  
 Must thou no more this frame inspire?  
 No more a pleasing cheerful guest?  
 Whither, ah whither art thou flying?  
 To what dark, undiscover'd shore?  
 Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,  
 And wit and humour are no more.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 186.*

## THE SOUL (SEAT OF).

IN this Design of Martin to investigate the Diseases of the Mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an Enquiry after the *Seat* of the *Soul*; in which, at first, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the Brain, sometimes in the Stomach, and sometimes in the Heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer, that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But as he saw several Offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this Hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform several Operations by her little Ministers, the *Animal Spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts, according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Professions. Thus, in Epicures he seated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philosophers, have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fiddlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, dissecting many Subjects to find out the different Figure of this Gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different Tempers in mankind. He supposed that in factious and restless-spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the Soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that Calves and Philosophers, Tygers and Statesmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Pops, Cock-sparrows and Coquettes, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the

the same resemblance in Highwaymen and Conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter, too, under his Anatomical knife.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 121.*

#### THE SOUL, A QUALITY.

IN every *Jack* there is a *meat-roasting* Quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the result of the whole composition: So in an Animal, the self-consciousness is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than meat-roasting in a Jack) but the result of several Modes or Qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc. make one Jack, so the several parts of the body make one Animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this Animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the Jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, etc. are the several Modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, etc. are the several modes of meat roasting. And as the general Quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, etc. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; so neither does Consciousness, with its several Modes of sensation, intellection, volition, etc. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole Animal.

Just so, the Quality or Disposition in a Fiddle to play tunes, with the several Modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of Preludes, Sarabands, Jigs, and Gavots, are as much real qualities in the instrument, as the Thought or the Imagination is in the mind of the Person that composes them.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 123.*

## SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

HIGH o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,  
 The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;  
 Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,  
 Hence nam'd Erratic by the gods above.  
 No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,  
 That bears ambrosia to th' etherial king,  
 Shuns the dire rocks; in vain she cuts the skies,  
 The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;  
 Not the fleet bark, when prosp'rous breezes play,  
 Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desp'rate way:  
 O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,  
 And the waves flashing, seem to burn with fires.  
 Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,  
 The sacred Argo, fill'd with demi-gods!  
 Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride  
 Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,  
 In brooking tempests, and in rolling clouds;  
 Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,  
 Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.  
 When all the broad expansion, bright with day,  
 Glows with th' autumnal or the summer ray,  
 The summer and the autumn glow in vain,  
 The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.  
 Impervious to the step of man it stands,  
 Tho' borne by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty  
 hands;

Smooth as the polish of the mirror, rise  
 The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.  
 Full in the center of this rock display'd,  
 A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:  
 Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,  
 Sent with fell force, could reach the depth below.  
 Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,  
 And the dire passage down to hell descends.

O fly

## THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

21

O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,  
 Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;  
 Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,  
 Tremendous pest! abhor'd by man and gods!  
 Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar  
 The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.  
 Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;  
 Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads:  
 Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;  
 Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;  
 Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;  
 Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.  
 When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,  
 The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;  
 She makes the huge leviathan her prey,  
 And all the monsters of the wat'ry way;  
 The swiftest racer of the azure plain  
 Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;  
 Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,  
 At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.  
 Close by, a rock of less enormous height  
 Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous freight;  
 Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,  
 And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;  
 Beneath, Charybdis holds her boist'rous reign  
 'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;  
 Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,  
 Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.

*Odyssey, l. xii. l. 71.*

## SPLEEN (CAVE OF).

SWIFT on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,  
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.  
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,  
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.  
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,  
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,  
 She

She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,  
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,  
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.  
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,  
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;  
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,  
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,  
Practis'd to lisp and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,  
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe.  
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show;  
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,  
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;  
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;  
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,  
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.  
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,  
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:  
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,  
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,  
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen,  
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,  
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:  
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;  
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;  
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,  
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks!

*Works, Vol. I. p. 127.*

#### SHOOTING.

SEE! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,  
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:

Short

Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,  
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.  
 Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dies,  
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,  
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,  
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

WITH slaught'ring gun th' unweari'd fowler roves,  
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;  
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,  
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.  
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;  
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :  
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,  
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death :  
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,  
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 43. 44.*

#### SYLPH'S ADDRESS.

SOL thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,  
 And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day :  
 Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake,  
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :  
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,  
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound ;  
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,  
 Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest :  
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed  
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head ;  
 A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,  
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)  
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,  
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.  
 Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care  
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of Air !  
 If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,  
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught ;

Of

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,  
 The silver token, and the circled green,  
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,  
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;  
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know,  
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.  
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,  
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd:  
 What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?  
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.  
 Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,  
 The light militia of the lower sky:  
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,  
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.  
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,  
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.  
 As now your own, our beings were of old,  
 And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;  
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
 From earthly vehicles to these of air.  
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,  
 That all her vanities at once are dead;  
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.  
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,  
 And love of ombre, after death survive.  
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,  
 To their first elements their souls retire:  
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame  
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name.  
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.  
 The graver pride sinks downward to a gnome,  
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.  
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,  
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 108.*

## THE SIRENS.

IN flow'ry meads the sportive Sirens play,  
 Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;  
 Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,  
 The gods allow to hear the dang'rous sound.  
 Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,  
 Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band

While yet I speak the winged galley flies,  
 And lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.  
 Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,  
 And waves below, at once forget to move!  
 Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,  
 Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.  
 Now ev'ry sail we furl, each oar we ply;  
 Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.  
 The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,  
 And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;  
 Th' aerial region now grew warm with day,  
 The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;  
 Then ev'ry ear I barr'd against the strain,  
 And from excess of phrenzy lock'd the brain.  
 Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,  
 And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold;  
 Then, bending to the stroke, the active train  
 Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,  
 Our swift approach the Siren quire describes;  
 Celestial music warbles from their tongue,  
 And thus the sweet deluders tune the song.

O stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!  
 O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!  
 Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,  
 The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.  
 Approach! thy soul shall into rapture rise!  
 Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!  
 We know whate'er the kings of mighty name  
 Atchiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;

Whate'er

Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.—  
O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wife!

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;  
My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain;  
I give the sign, and struggle to be free:  
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;  
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,  
Till dying off the distant sounds decay:  
Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground,  
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

*Odyssey, b. xii. l. 194.*

#### SHAME (PERVERTED).

AND sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,  
Our worst of Evils, is *perverted Shame*.  
Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,  
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!  
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd,  
We seek our Virtues in each other's breast;  
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,  
Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.  
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,  
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,  
Tir'd in the treach'rous Chase, would nobly yield,  
And, but for shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:  
The Dæmon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,  
And whispers close, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

*Works, Vol. II. p. 21.*

#### THE SHIELD.

THE day of the Christ'ning being come, and the house filled with Gossips, the Levity of whose Conversation suited but ill with the Gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably

ably to his Character; that is to say, not without some *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without observance of some *Ancient Custom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the Cradle of Hercules was a Shield; and being possessed of an antique *Buckler*, which he held as a most inestimable Relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, to be shown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had caused him formerly to compile a Dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the Rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this Treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his Guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the Buckler out of a Case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern Rust), and intrusted it to his House-maid, with others, that when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue Sattin.

The Guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *Triclinium*, and the manner of *Detubitus* of the Ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

" This Day, my Friends, I purpose to exhibit my  
 " Son before you; a Child not wholly unworthy of  
 " inspection, as he is descended from a Race of Vir-  
 " tuosi. Let the Physiognomists examine his features;  
 " let the Chirographists behold his Palm; but, above  
 " all, let us consult for the calculation of his Nati-  
 " vity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I  
 " will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner.  
 " He shall be cradled in my Ancient Shield, so fa-  
 " mous through the Universities of Europe. You  
 " all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of  
 " Antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate)  
 Vol. II. F " expence

“ expence of all the Plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchor Insipidus !”

Here he stopped his Speech, upon sight of the Maid, who entered the room with the Child : He took it in his arms, and proceeded :

“ Behold then my Child, but first behold the Shield :

“ Behold this Rust,—or rather let me call it this precious *Ærugo*,—behold this beautiful varnish of  
“ Time,—this venerable Verdure of so many ages—”

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the Mantle, which covered it, inch by inch ; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the Tremor became universal : The Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, “ O God ! my Shield,  
“ my Shield !

The truth was, the Maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master’s honour) had scoured it as clean as her hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the Guests stood astonished, the Infant squall’d, the maid ran in, snatch’d it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress’s room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the Gossips, where they found the Doctor in a Trance : Hungary Water, Hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him : when opening his eyes, he saw the Shield in the hands of the House-maid. “ O Woman ! Woman !” he cried (and snatch’d it violently from her), “ was it to thy ignorance that this Relick  
“ owes its ruin ? Where, where is the beautiful crust  
“ that covered thee so long ? where those Traces of  
“ Time, and *Fingers* as it were of Antiquity ? Where  
“ all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much  
“ delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity  
“ went

" went hand in hand; and eternally exercised the speculations of the Learned? And this the rude Touch of an ignorant Woman hath done away! The *curious Prominence* at the belly of that figure, which some taking for the *Cuspis* of a sword, denominated a Roman Soldier; others accounting the *Insignia Virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold, she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shewn to be the head of a Nail. O my Shield! my Shield! well may I say with Horace, "*non bene reliſſa Parmula.*"

The Gossips not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the Child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the Woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; what a stir a man makes about a *Basin*, that an hour ago, before his labour was bestowed upon it, a Country Barber would not have hung at his shop-door." "A *Basin*! (cried another) no such matter, 'tis nothing but a paultry old *Sconce*, with the nozzle broke off." The learned Gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly on the Shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion; and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a *Sconce* and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent Fit of Passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to-bed; where being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 78.*

#### THE SPECTRES.

NOW without number ghost by ghost arose,  
 All wailing with unutterables woes.  
 Alone, apart, in discontented mood  
 A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;  
 For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,  
 And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;

Tho' to the contest Thetis gave the law,  
 And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause:  
 O why was I victorious in the strife;  
 O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!  
 With him the strength of war, the soldiers pride,  
 Our second hope to great Achilles dy'd!  
 Touch'd at the sight from tears I scarce refrain,  
 And tender sorrow thrills in ev'ry vein;  
 Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost,  
 With accent mild, th' inexorable ghost.

Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent  
 Ev'n after death? Relent, great shade, relent!  
 Perish those arms which by the gods decree  
 Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!  
 With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates;  
 And shook astonish'd thro' her hundred states;  
 Not more, when great Achilles press'd the ground,  
 And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.  
 O deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,  
 Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!  
 Turn then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath control,  
 And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.

While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,  
 In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.

Touch'd at his sour retreat, thro' deepest night,  
 Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursu'd his flight,  
 And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply;  
 But wond'rous visions drew my curious eye  
 High on a throne, tremendous to behold,  
 Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;  
 Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand  
 Thro' the wide doom of Dis, a trembling band.  
 Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,  
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

There huge Orion, of portentous size,  
 Swift thro' the gloom a giant-hunter flies;  
 A pond'rous mace of brass with direful sway  
 Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;  
 Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,  
 Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.

There

There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,  
 O'er spreads nine acres of infernal ground;  
 Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,  
 Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood;  
 Incessant gore the liver in his breast,  
 Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal feast.  
 For as o'er Panope's enamell'd plains  
 Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,  
 With haughty love th' audacious monster strove  
 To force the goddess, and to rival Jove

There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds  
 Pours out deep groans, (with groans all hell resounds);  
 Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,  
 And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves;  
 When to the water he his lip applies,  
 Back from his lip the treach'rous water flies.  
 Above, beneath, around his hapless head,  
 Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;  
 There figs, sky dy'd, a purple hue disclose,  
 Green looks the olive, the pom'granate glows;  
 There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,  
 And yellow apples ripen into gold;  
 The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,  
 Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd  
 A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;  
 With many a weary step, and many a groan,  
 Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone;  
 The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,  
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the  
 ground.

Again the restless orb his toil renews,  
 Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dew.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,  
 A tow'ring spectre of gigantic mould,  
 A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes  
 Himself resides, a god among the gods;  
 There, in the bright assemblies of the skies,  
 He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys;

Here hov'ring ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,  
 And clang their pinions with terrific sound;  
 Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw  
 Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.  
 Around his breast a wond'rous zone is roll'd,  
 Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold;  
 There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,  
 The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar;  
 There war, and havoc, and destruction stood,  
 And vengeful murder, red with human blood.  
 Thus terribly adorn'd, the figures shine,  
 Inimitably wrought with skill divine.

The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,  
 And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke.

O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!  
 O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!  
 Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,  
 While in your world I drew the vital air!  
 Ev'n I, who from the Lord of thunders rose,  
 Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;  
 To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,  
 (The hardest bondage to a gen'rous mind!)  
 Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,  
 And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;  
 Ev'n hell I conquer'd, thro' the friendly aid  
 Of Maia's offspring and the martial maid.

Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,  
 But turning, stalk'd with giant-strides away.

Curious to view the kings of ancient days,  
 The mighty dead that live in endless praise,  
 Resolv'd I stand; and hap'ly had survey'd  
 The godlike Theseus, and Perithou's shade;  
 But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,  
 With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,  
 They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal sounds  
 Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.  
 No more my heart the dismal din sustains,  
 And my cold blood hangs shiv'ring in my veins;  
 Left Gorgon rising from th' infernal lakes,  
 With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,

Should

Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,  
 A stony image in eternal night!  
 Straight from the direful coast to purer air  
 I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.  
 My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;  
 The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;  
 Swift o'er the waves we fly; the fresh'ning gales  
 Sing thro' the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails.

*Odyssey, b. xi. l. 663.*

## SYLLOGISMS.

HE supposed that a Philosopher's brain was like a great Forest, where Ideas ranged like animals of several kinds; that those Ideas copulated, and engendered Conclusions; that when those of different Species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the Middle Term, and engender the Conclusion. Hence they are called the *præmissæ*, or Predecessors of the Conclusion: and it is properly said by the Logicians, *quod pariunt scientiam, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, &c. Universal Propositions are Persons of quality; and therefore in Logic they are said to be of the first *Figure*. Singular Propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of Syllogisms naturally follow.

- I. That there are only three Terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.
- II. From universal premises there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.
- III. From the singular premises follows only a singular conclusion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.

- IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *Individua vera* are (like whoremasters and common strumpets) barren.
- V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premises; that is, children can only inherit from their parents.
- VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part; that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.
- VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.
- VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.
- IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.
- X. When the premises or parents are necessarily joined (or in lawful wedlock), they beget lawful issue; but contingently joined, they beget bastards.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 102.*

#### SUPPLICATION OF THETIS.

TWELVE days were past, and now the dawning  
light

The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:  
Jove first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,  
Leads the long order of æthereal pow'rs.  
When, like the morning mist in early day,  
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;  
And to the seats divine her sight address'd.  
There, far apart, and high above the rest,  
The thund'rer sat; where old Olympus shrouds  
His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.

Suppliant

Suppliant the goddess stood; one hand she plac'd  
 Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.  
 If e'er, O father of the gods! she said,  
 My words could please thee, or my actions aid,  
 Some marks of honour on my son bestow,  
 And pay in glory what in life you owe.  
 Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due  
 To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.  
 Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!  
 Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise,  
 Till the proud king, and all th' Achaian race,  
 Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.  
 Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held  
 The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.  
 Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,  
 Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request.  
 O fire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear,  
 Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear!  
 Or oh! declare, of all the pow'rs above,  
 Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?

She said, and sighing thus the god replies,  
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:  
 What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should Jove engage  
 In foreign contests, and domestic rage,  
 The gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,  
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?  
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway  
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey;  
 But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:  
 Witness the sacred honours of our head,  
 The nod that ratifies the will divine,  
 The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;  
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—  
 He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;  
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
 The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god;  
 High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
 And all Olympus to the center shook.

*Iliad, b. i. l. 640.*

## SORROW (MATERNAL).

STILL in the dark abodes of death I stood,  
 When near Anticlea mov'd and drank the blood.  
 Straight all the mother in her soul awakes;  
 And, owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks.  
 Com'st thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath,  
 The doleful realms of darkness and of death :  
 Com'st thou alive from pure ethereal day ?  
 Dire is the region, dismal is the way !  
 Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves ;  
 There the wide sea with all his billows raves !  
 Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her tow'rs)  
 Com'st thou a wand'rer from the Phrygian shores ?  
 Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,  
 Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride beheld ?

Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly  
 To seek Tiresias in the neither sky,  
 To learn my doom : for, tost from woe to woe,  
 In ev'ry land Ulysses finds a foe :  
 Not have these eyes beheld my native shores,  
 Since in the dust proud Troy submits her tow'rs.

But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,  
 Say, what distemper gave thee to the dead ?  
 Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,  
 Or swift expir'd it in a sudden blaze ?  
 Say, if my sire, good old Laertes, lives ?  
 If yet Telemachus, my son survives !  
 Say, by his rule is my dominion aw'd,  
 Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod ?  
 Say, if my spouse maintains her royal trust,  
 Tho' tempted, chaste, and obstinately just ?  
 Or if no more her absent lord she wails,  
 But the false woman o'er the wife prevails ?

Thus I, and thus the parent shade returns :  
 Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns :  
 Whether the night descends, or day prevails,  
 Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails,

Thee

# THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

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Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;  
 In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,  
 And shares the banquet in superior state,  
 Grac'd with such honours as becomes the great.  
 Thy fire in solitude foment his care;  
 The court is joyless, for thou art not there!  
 No costly carpets raise his hoary head,  
 No rich embroid'ry shines to grace his bed:  
 Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the skies,  
 Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the monarch lies,  
 Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress  
 The garb of woe and habit of distress.  
 And when the autumn takes his annual round,  
 The leafy honours scatt'ring on the ground;  
 Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,  
 His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.  
 Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,  
 And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!  
 For thee, my son, I wept my life away;  
 For thee thro' hell's eternal dungeons stray:  
 Nor came my fate by ling'ring pains and slow,  
 Nor bent the silver-shafted queen her bow;  
 No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath;  
 Thou, thou, my son, wert my disease and death;  
 Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,  
 For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.

*Odyssey, b. xi. l. 186.*

## SACRIFICES (INFERNAL).

THE ship we moor on these obscure abodes;  
 Disbark the sheep, an off'ring to the gods:  
 And hell-ward bending, o'er the beach descry  
 The doleful passage to th' infernal sky.  
 The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean pow'r,  
 Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.  
 Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,  
 And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;

F 6

And

And trenching the black earth on ev'ry side,  
 A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.  
 New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,  
 Then living waters from the crystal spring;  
 O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,  
 And on the surface shone the holy store.

Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal gods,  
 To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:  
 So shall a barren heifer from the stall  
 Beneath the knife upon your altars fall:  
 So in our palace, at our safe return,  
 Rich with unnumber'd gifts, the pile shall burn;  
 So shall a ram, the largest of the breed,  
 Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid  
 To all the phantom nations of the dead.  
 Then dy'd the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,  
 And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.  
 When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,  
 Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;  
 Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids;  
 And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades;  
 Ghastly with wounds the form of warriors slain  
 Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:  
 These and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,  
 And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.  
 Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,  
 And a cold fear ran shiv'ring through my blood:  
 Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,  
 Straight the slay'd victims to the flames are cast,  
 And mutter'd vows, and mystic song apply'd  
 To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

Now swift I wav'd my scythion o'er the blood;  
 Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.  
 Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,  
 Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose.

*Odyssey, b. xi. l. 21.*

## SACRILEGE PUNISHED.

NOW from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,  
 And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;  
 To Sol's bright's isle our voyage we pursue,  
 And now the glittering mountains rise to view.  
 There, sacred to the radiant god of day,  
 Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;  
 Then suddenly was heard along the main  
 To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train;  
 Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd  
 The words of Circe and the Theban shade;  
 Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,  
 With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun.

O friends! oh ever exercis'd in care!  
 Hear heav'n's command, and reverence what ye hear!  
 To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade  
 And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:  
 Some mighty woe relentless heav'n forebodes:  
 Fly the dire regions, and revere the gods!

While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran  
 Thro' ev'ry breast, and spread from man to man,  
 Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began.

O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd  
 That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!  
 From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes;  
 And, cruel, enviest thou a short repose?  
 Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,  
 The sun descending, and so near the shore?  
 And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,  
 And doubles all the terrors of the main.  
 Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,  
 Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;  
 Oh should the fierce south-west his rage display,  
 And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,  
 Tho' gods descend from heav'n's aerial plain  
 To lend us aid, the gods descend in vain:  
 Then while the night displays her awful shade,  
 Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!

Haste

Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray  
Shades her bright beams, pursue the destin'd way.  
A sudden joy in ev'ry bosom rose:  
So will'd some dæmon, minister of woes!

To whom with grief — O swift to be undone,  
Constrain'd I ask what wisdom bids me shun.  
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;  
Attest the heav'ns, and call the gods to hear:  
Content, an innocent repast display,  
By Circe giv'n, and fly the dang'rous play.

Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,  
With hands uplifted they attest the skies:  
Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,  
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:  
They feed, they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)  
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.  
Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares  
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.

Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,  
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain:  
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,  
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies;  
The moon, the stars, the bright ethereal host  
Seem as extinct, and all their splendours lost;  
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound;  
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.  
All night it rag'd; when morning rose, to land  
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,  
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess  
Dance the green Nereids of the neighb'ring seas.

There, while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,  
Thus careful I address'd the list'ning train.

O friends, be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy  
Of these fair pastures: if ye touch, ye die.  
Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be aw'd;  
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the god!  
That god who spreads the radiant beams of light,  
And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeasur'd height.

And now the moon had run her monthly round,  
The south-east blust'ring with a dreadful sound;

Unhurt

Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train  
 Low thro' the grove, or range the flow'ry plain:  
 Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,  
 Or fowl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.  
 Till now from sea or flood no succour found,  
 Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round;  
 Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,  
 From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade;  
 There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;  
 And heav'n and heav'n's immortal thrones adore,  
 To calm the roarings of the stormy main,  
 And grant me peaceful to my realms again.  
 Then o'er my eyes the gods soft slumber shed,  
 While thus Eurylochus arising said.

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead  
 To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;  
 But dreadful most, when by a slow decay  
 Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.  
 Why cease ye then t'implore the pow'rs above,  
 And offer hecatombs to thund'ring Jove?  
 Why seize ye not yon beeves and fleecy prey?  
 Arise, unanimous: arise, and slay!  
 And if the gods ordain a safe return,  
 To Phoebus shrines shall rise and altars burn.  
 But should the pow'rs that o'er mankind preside,  
 Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,  
 Better to rush at once to shades below,  
 Than linger life away and nourish woe!

Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,  
 When swift to ruin they invade the prey;  
 They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine  
 The barley fail'd, and, for libations, wine.  
 Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride:  
 And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake supply'd.

With pray'r they now address th' etherial train,  
 Slay the selected beeves, and slay the slain:  
 The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,  
 Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from ev'ry part.  
 Water instead of wine, is brought in urns,  
 And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.

The

The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dress'd,  
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;  
Back to the bark I sped along the main.  
When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,  
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;  
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,  
And thus obtesting heav'n I mourn'd aloud.

O fire of men and gods, immortal Jove!  
O all ye blissful pow'rs that reign above!  
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?  
O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes!  
A deed so dreadful all the gods alarms,  
Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms!

Mean time Lampetic mounts th' aerial way,  
And kindles into rage the god of day.  
Vengeance! ye pow'rs, (he cries), and thou whose  
hand

Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhe brand!  
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,  
When thro' the ports of heav'n I pour the day,  
Or deep in ocean plunge the burning ray.  
Vengeance, ye gods! or I the skies forgo,  
And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.

To whom the thundering pow'r: O, source of day!  
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,  
Still may thy beams thro' heav'n's bright portals rise,  
The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;  
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,  
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,  
Hermes convey'd these councils of the gods.

Mean time, from man to man my tongue exclaims,  
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.  
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,  
Beesves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now heav'n gave signs of wrath, along the ground  
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound  
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.

Six guilty days my wretched mates employ  
 In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;  
 The seventh rose, and now the fire of gods  
 Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods:  
 With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails  
 Loos'd from the yards, invite th' impelling gales.  
 Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound:  
 And all above is sky, and ocean all around!  
 When lo! a murky cloud the thund'rer forms  
 Full o'er our heads, and blackens heav'n with storms.  
 Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now outflies  
 The gloomy west, and whistles in the skies.  
 The mountain billows rear! the furious blast  
 Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast;  
 The mast gives way, and, crackling as it bends,  
 Tears up the deck; then all at once descends;  
 The pilot, by the tumbling ruin slain,  
 Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong to the main.  
 Then Jove in anger bids the thunder roll,  
 And forked lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
 Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,  
 Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:  
 Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,  
 Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;  
 At once into the main the crew it shook,  
 Sulphureous odours rose, and smould'ring smoke.  
 Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise,  
 Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries;  
 And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.  
 Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main  
 Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in twain;  
 Again impetuous drove the furious blast,  
 Snap'd the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.  
 Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind,  
 And ride aloft, to providence resign'd,  
 Thro' tumbling billows, and a war of wind.

*Odyssey, b. xii. l. 313.*

## THE SIRENS (DESCRIPTION OF).

NEXT, where the Sirens dwell you plough the seas;  
 Their song is death, and makes destruction please.  
 Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay  
 Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;  
 No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,  
 His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!  
 In verdant meads they sport, and wide around  
 Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;  
 The ground polluted floats with human gore,  
 And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.  
 Fly swift the dang'rous coast; let ev'ry ear  
 Be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!  
 Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,  
 Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.  
 If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,  
 Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, and added band to band.  
 These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain  
 To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:  
 Now horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,  
 And guard thy various passage thro' the tide.

*Odyssey, b. xii. l. 51.*

## THAMES.

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed  
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;  
 His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream  
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:  
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides  
 His swelling waters and alternate tides;  
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,  
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold;  
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,  
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood:

First

## THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

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First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,  
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame :  
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;  
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;  
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;  
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :  
 The blue transparent Vandalis appears ;  
 The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears ;  
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;  
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.  
 High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,  
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)  
 The god appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes  
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise ;  
 Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forgot to roar,  
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 52.*

## TEMPERANCE.

NOW hear what blessings Temperance can bring ;  
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)  
 First Health : The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,  
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,  
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,  
 And all the man is one intestine war)  
 Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,  
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.  
 How pale, each Worshipful and rev'rend guest  
 Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast !  
 What life in all that ample body, say ?  
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay ?  
 The soul subsides and wickedly inclines  
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.  
 On morning wings, how active springs the mind  
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind ?  
 How easy ev'ry labour it pursues ?  
 How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse ?

Not

Not but we may exceed, some holy time,  
 Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;  
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage;  
 And more the sickness of long life, Old Age;  
 For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,  
 If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains?

Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose,  
 Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.  
 Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,  
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;  
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,  
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.  
 Why had not I in those good times my birth,  
 Ere coxcomb pyes or concombs were on earth?

*Works, Vol. II. p. 224.*

#### THERSITES.

THERSITES only clamour'd in the throng,  
 Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:  
 Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,  
 In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:  
 With witty malice studious to defame;  
 Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim,  
 But chief he glory'd with licentious stile  
 To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.  
 His figure such as might his soul proclaim;  
 One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;  
 His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'erspread,  
 Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.  
 Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,  
 And much he hated all, but most the best.  
 Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;  
 But royal scandal his delight-supreme.  
 Long had he liv'd the scorn of ev'ry Greek,  
 Vex'd when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.  
 Sharp was his voice; which in the shrillest tone,  
 Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.

*Amidst*

Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,  
 What moves the great Atrides to complain ?  
 'Tis thine whate'er the warriors breast inflames,  
 The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames,  
 With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,  
 Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow ;  
 Thus at full ease, in heaps of riches roll'd,  
 What grieves the monarch ? Is it thirst of gold ?  
 Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd pow'rs  
 (The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile tow'rs,  
 And bring the race of royal bastards here,  
 For Troy to ransom at a price too dear ?  
 But safer plunder thy own host supplies ;  
 Say, would'st thou seize some valiant leader's prize ?  
 Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,  
 Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed ?  
 Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,  
 Plagu'd with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.  
 Oh, women of Achaia ! men no more !  
 Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store,  
 In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.  
 We may be wanted on some busy day,  
 When Hector comes : so great Achilles may :  
 From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,  
 From him the fierce, the fearless, and the brave :  
 And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,  
 This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.

Fierce from his seat, at this, Ulysses springs,  
 In gen'rous vengeance of the king of kings.  
 With indignation sparkling in his eyes,  
 He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies.

Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,  
 With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate ;  
 Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,  
 And singly mad, asperse the sov'reign reign.  
 Have we not known thee, slave ! of all our host,  
 The man who acts the least, upbraids the most ?  
 Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,  
 Nor let those lips profane the name of king.

For

For our return we trust the heav'nly pow'rs;  
 Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.  
 But grant the host with wealth the gen'ral load,  
 Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?  
 Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,  
 Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?  
 Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,  
 And let these eyes behold my son no more;  
 If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear  
 To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,  
 Expel the council where our princes meet,  
 And send thee scourg'd, and howling thro' the fleet.  
 He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,  
 The weighty sceptre on his back descends:  
 On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise;  
 The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:  
 Trembling he sat, and sunk in abject fears,  
 From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.  
 While to his neighbour each express'd his thought:  
 Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!  
 What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!  
 Great in the council, glorious in the field.  
 Gen'rous he rises in the crown's defence,  
 To curb the factious tongue of insolence.  
 Such just examples on offenders shown,  
 Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

*Iliad, b. ii. l. 255.*

#### TOWN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

THE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;  
 Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-Room?  
 Rise, pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you,

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,  
 I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.

I saw

I saw him stand behind OMBRELLA's Chair,  
And whisper with that soft deluding air,  
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning  
Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?  
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.  
As you by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd;  
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septlevas* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?  
With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign:  
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;  
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;  
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:  
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost! Oh! who could  
guess  
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,  
She all the cares of Love and Play does know:  
Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;  
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;  
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,  
By Cards' *Ill-Usage* or by Lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,  
Tho' time is precious, and I want some Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,  
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought  
See, on the Toothpick, Mars and Cupid strive;  
And both the struggling figures seem alive.

Upon

Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright Face;  
 A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Case;  
 Jove, Jove himself does on the Scissars shine;  
 The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER'S  
 love,

When rival beauties for the Present strove;  
 At *Corticelli's* he the Raffle won;  
 Then first his Passion was in public shown:  
 HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,  
 A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.  
 This *Snuff-box*—on the Hinge see Brilliants shine:  
 This *Snuff-box* will I stake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,  
 Have made a Soldier sigh, a Lover swear.  
 And Oh! what makes the disappointment hard,  
 'Twas my own Lord that drew the fatal Card.  
 In complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;  
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*.  
 The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;  
 And the next *Pull*, my *Septlewa* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,  
 The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;  
 This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair,  
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;  
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,  
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.  
 An awkward Thing, when first she came to Town;  
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown:  
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread  
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:  
 I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;  
 And by my int'rest, *Coxens* made her Stays.  
 Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,  
 She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

# THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

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CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,  
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?  
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;  
And see the Folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?  
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?  
Yet his known Falsehoods could no Warning prove:  
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,  
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd?  
When *Kings, Queens, Knaves*, are set in decent rank;  
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,  
Guineas, Half-guineas, all the shining train;  
The Winner's pleasure, and the Loser's pain:  
In bright confusion open *Rouleaus* lie,  
They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.  
Fir'd by the sight, all Reason I disdain;  
My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein.  
Look upon *Basset*, you who Reason boast;  
And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,  
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows?  
Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!  
When awful Love seems melting in his Eyes!  
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:  
*He loves*,—I whisper to myself, *He loves*!  
Such unfeign'd Passion in his looks appears,  
I lose all Mem'ry of my former Fears;  
My panting heart confesses all his charms,  
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.  
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;  
For such a moment, Prudence well were lost,

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CARDELIA.

## CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,  
Some *DUKES* at *Marybone* bowl Time away.  
But who the Bowl, or rattling Dice compares  
To *Basset's* heav'nly Joys, and pleasing Cares?

## SMILINDA.

Soft *SIMPLICETTA* doats upon a Beau;  
*PRUDINA* likes a Man, and laughs at Show.  
Their several graces in my *SHARPER* meet;  
Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

## LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;  
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too strong.  
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;  
The *Equipage* shall grace *SMILINDA's* Side:  
The *Snuff-box* to *CARDELIA* I decree,  
Now leave complaining, and begin your Tea.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 35.*

## THETIS (HER GRIEF.)

UNHAPPY son! (fair Thetis thus replies,  
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes),  
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,  
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?  
So short a space! the light of heav'n to view!  
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!  
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,  
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,  
And thou from camps remote, the danger shun,  
Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.  
Yet, (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go  
To great Olympus, crown'd with fleecy snow.  
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far  
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.

The

The fire of gods, and all the æthereal train,  
 On the warm limits of the farthest main,  
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace  
 The feast of Æthiopia's blameless race;  
 Twelve days the power's indulge the genial rite,  
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.  
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move  
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

*Iliad, b. i. l. 540.*

THETIS (HER LAMENTATIONS.)

FAR in the deep abyſſes of the main,  
 With hoary Nereus, and the wat'ry train,  
 The mother goddeſs, from her crystal throne,  
 Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.  
 The circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep,  
 And all the ſea-green ſiſters from the deep.  
 Thalia, Glauce, ev'ry wat'ry name,  
 Neſæa mild, and ſilver Spio came;  
 Cymothœ and Cymodoce were nigh,  
 And the blue languish of ſoft Alia's eye.  
 Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,  
 Then Proto, Donis, Panape, appear,  
 Thoa, Pheruſa, Doto, Melita;  
 Agave gentle, and Ampithœ gay:  
 Next Callianira, Callianafſa, ſhow,  
 Their ſiſter looks; Dexamene the ſlow  
 And ſwift Dynamene, now cut the tides:  
 Iæra now the verdant waves divides:  
 Nemertes with Apeudes liſts the head,  
 Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed:  
 Theſe Orythia, Clymene, attend,  
 Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend,  
 And black Janira, and Janafſa fair,  
 And Amatheia with her amber hair;  
 All theſe, and all that deep in ocean held  
 Their ſacred ſeats, their glimm'ring grotto fill'd;

G 2

Each

Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,  
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main,  
How just a cause has Thetis to complain;  
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!  
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!  
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,  
The bravest far that ever bore the name;  
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand  
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land;  
To Troy I sent him; but the fates ordain  
He never, never must return again.

So short a space the light of heav'n to view,  
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.  
Hear how his sorrows echo thro' the shore!  
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;  
I go at least to bear a tender part,  
And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the Caverns of the main;  
All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train  
Attend her way. Wide-op'ning part the tides,  
While the long pomp the silver way divides.  
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;  
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.  
Th' immortal mother, standing close beside  
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;  
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,  
And thus the silver-footed dame began.

Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request  
The god has granted, and the Greeks distress'd:  
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,  
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning—To this cureless grief  
Not ev'n the thund'rer's favour brings relief.  
Patroclus—ah!—Say, goddess, can I boast  
A pleasure now? Revenge itself is lost;  
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,  
Beyond mankind, beyond myself is slain!  
Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd  
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.

Curs'd

Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above  
 Thy charms submitted to a mortal love :  
 Oh hadst thou still, a filter of the main,  
 Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign ;  
 And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led  
 A mortal beauty to his equal bed !  
 Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb  
 Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.  
 For soon, alas ! that wretched offspring slain,  
 New woes, new sorrows shall create again.  
 'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give ;  
 Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live,  
 Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,  
 Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart ;  
 On these conditions will I breathe : till then,  
 I blush to walk among the race of men.  
 A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed ;  
 Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead !  
 When Hector falls, thou dy'st.—Let Hector die,  
 And let me fall ! Achilles made reply.  
 Far lies Patroclus from his native plain !  
 He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.  
 Ah then, since from this miserable day  
 I cast all hope of my return away,  
 Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand  
 The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand ;  
 Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,  
 I live an idle burden to the ground,  
 (Others in counsel fam'd for nobler skill,  
 More useful to preserve than I to kill),  
 Let me—But oh ! ye gracious pow'rs above !  
 Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove :  
 Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,  
 Sweet to the soul as honey to the taste ;  
 Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind  
 From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.  
 Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate ;  
 'Tis past—I quell it ; I resign to fate.  
 Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend ;  
 Or, if the gods ordain it, meet my end.

The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun;  
 The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,  
 To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,  
 And sunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death.  
 So shall Achilles fall! stretched pale and dead  
 No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!  
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,  
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.  
 Shall I not force some widow dame to tear,  
 With frantic hands, her long dishevell'd hair?  
 Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,  
 And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?  
 Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—  
 In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!  
 Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,  
 That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.

My son, (Cœrulean Thetis made reply,  
 To fate submitting with a secret sigh),  
 The host to succour, and thy friend to save,  
 Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.  
 But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?  
 Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.  
 Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,  
 But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.  
 Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay;  
 Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,  
 Charg'd with refulgent arms, a glorious load,  
 Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.  
 Then turning to the daughters of the main,  
 The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend,  
 Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;  
 I go to find the architect divine,  
 Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:  
 So tell our hoary sire—This charge she gave:  
 The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:  
 Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,  
 And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.

*Iliad, b. xviii. l. 41.*

## THE TOILET.

AND now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,  
 Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.  
 First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,  
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.  
 A heav'nly Image in the glass appears,  
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;  
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,  
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.  
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here  
 The various off'rings of the world appear;  
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.  
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,  
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.  
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.  
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;  
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,  
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face:  
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
 And keener light'nings quicken in her eyes.  
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,  
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;  
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 113.*

## THROWING THE QUOTE.

THEN hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground,  
 A mass of iron, (an enormous round),

G 4

Whose

Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,  
 Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd from fire.  
 This mighty quoit Action wont to rear,  
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air;  
 The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd  
 Among his spoils this memorable load.  
 For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,  
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.  
 Let him, whose might can hurl this bowl, arise;  
 Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize:  
 If he be one enrich'd with large domain  
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,  
 Small stock of iron needs that man provide;  
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd  
 From hence; nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid,  
 For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Stern Polypætes stept before the throng;  
 And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong;  
 Whose force with rival forces to oppose,  
 Uprose great Ajax; up Epeus rose;  
 Each stood in order: first Epeus threw;  
 High o'er the wond'ring crowds the whirling circle  
 flew.

Leonteus next a little space surpast,  
 And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.  
 O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung  
 From Polypætes' arm, the discus sung:  
 Far, as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,  
 That distant falls among the grazing cows,  
 So past them all the rapid circle flies:  
 His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies  
 With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.

*Iliad, b. xxiii. l. 973.*

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#### TRAVELLER AND ADDER.

A TRAVELLER passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it.

On

On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him; and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good for evil, I shall do no more (said the adder), than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented; and seeing a Tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of men (replied the Tree), by its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so: I know it, said the Cow, by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the Fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; the Fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 250.*

## TROJAN HORSE.

FULL of the god he rais'd his lofty strain,  
 How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main :  
 How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,  
 While from the shores the winged navy flies :  
 How ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,  
 Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands :  
 All Troy up heav'd the steed ; of diff'ring mind,  
 Various the Trojans counsell'd ; part consign'd  
 The monster to the sword, part sentence gave  
 To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave :  
 Th' unwise award to lodge it in the tow'rs,  
 An off'ring sacred to th' immortal pow'rs ;  
 Th' unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls,  
 And by the gods decree proud Ilion falls ;  
 Destruction enters in the treach'rous wood,  
 And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.

He sung the Greeks stern-issuing from the steed,  
 How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed ;  
 How to thy dome, Deiphobus ! ascends  
 The Spartan king ; how Ithacus attends,  
 (Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms  
 He fights, subdues ; for Pallas strings his arms.

*Odyssey, b. viii. l. 547.*

## TASTE.

'TIS strange the Miser should his Cares employ  
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :  
 Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste  
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?  
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;  
 Artists must choose his Pictures, Music, Meats :  
 He buys for *Topham*, Drawings and Designs,  
 For *Pembroke*, Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins ;  
 Rare monkish Manuscripts for *Hearne* alone,  
 And Books for *Mead*, and Butterflies for *Sloane*.

Think

Think we all these are for himself? no more  
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?  
Only to shew how many tastes he wanted.

What brought Sir *Visto*'s ill-got wealth to waste?  
Some Dæmon whisper'd "*Visto!* have a Taste."

Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,  
And needs no Rod but *Ripley* with a Rule.

See! sportive Fate, to punish aukward pride,  
Bids *Bubo* build, and sends him such a Guide.

A standing sermon, at each year's expence,  
That never Coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You shew us, *Rome* was glorious, not profuse,  
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.

Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules,  
Fill half the land with imitating Fools;

Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,  
And of one beauty many blunders make;

Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,  
Turns Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate;

Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all  
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;

Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,

That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front;

Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,

Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door;

Conscious they act the true *Palladian* part,

And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,

A certain truth, which many buy too dear:

Something there is more needful than Expence,

And something previous e'en to Taste,—'tis Sense:

Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,

And, though no Science, fairly worth the seven:

A Light, which in yourself you must perceive;

*Jones* and *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,

To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,

To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;

In all, let Nature never be forgot.

But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,  
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;  
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,  
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.  
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,  
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all;  
 That tells the Waters or to rise or fall;  
 Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to scale,  
 Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale;  
 Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,  
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;  
 Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;  
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 162.*

#### THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes' alarms,  
 The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,  
 Demand our song; a sacred fury fires  
 My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.  
 O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes  
 From the dire nation in its early times;  
 Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,  
 And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?  
 How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,  
 And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?  
 Or how from joining stones the city sprung,  
 While to his harp divine Amphion sung?  
 Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,  
 Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?  
 The fire against the son his arrow drew,  
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,  
 And while her arms a second hope contain,  
 Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.  
 But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,  
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song

At

At Oedipus—from his disasters trace  
 The long confusions of his guilty race:  
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,  
 And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing;  
 How twice he tam'd proud Istar's rapid flood,  
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;  
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,  
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole;  
 Or long before, with early valour strove,  
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.  
 And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,]  
 Encrease of glory to the Latian name!  
 O bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,  
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain!  
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space,  
 And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;  
 Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,  
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;  
 Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,  
 And in thy glories more serenely shine;  
 Tho' Jove himself no less content would be  
 To part his throne, and share his heav'n with thee;  
 Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;  
 Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,  
 And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame  
 Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:  
 Meanwhile, permit that my preluding Muse  
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse:  
 Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,  
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,  
 And fun'ral flames, that, parting, wide in air,  
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:  
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts  
 Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;  
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,  
 And Thetis, near Ismeno's swelling flood,  
 With dread beheld the rolling serges sweep,  
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

What

What Hero, Clio ! wilt thou first relate ?  
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate ?  
 Or how, with hills of slain on ev'ry side,  
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide ?  
 Or how, the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd  
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd.  
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,  
 And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, deprived of sight,  
 Led a long death in everlasting night ;  
 But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray  
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day ;  
 The clear reflecting mind presents his sin  
 In frightful views, and makes it day within ;  
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,  
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul ;  
 The wretch then lifted to th' un pitying skies  
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,  
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,  
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye Gods ! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,  
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain ;  
 Thou, fable Styx ! whose livid streams are roll'd  
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold :  
 Tisiphone, that oft has heard my pray'r,  
 Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care !  
 If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,  
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come :  
 If leaving Polybus, I took my way  
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,  
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,  
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide :  
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,  
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign ;  
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,  
 With monstrous mixtures stain'd my mother's bed,  
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,  
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd ;  
 Then self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,  
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight ;  
 O hear,

O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,  
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!  
 My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,  
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;  
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,  
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn:  
 These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,  
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.  
 Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!  
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?  
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,  
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:  
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,  
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;  
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;  
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare  
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.  
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,  
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany!  
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,  
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:  
 Couldst thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,  
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.  
 The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink  
 Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink;  
 But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,  
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.  
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,  
 The gliding light'ning, or descending star.  
 Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,  
 And dark dominions of the silent night;  
 Swift as she pass'd, the sitting ghosts withdrew,  
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view:  
 To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,  
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.  
 The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,  
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.  
 Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,  
 Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.

Now

Now from beneath Malea's airy height  
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight  
 With eager speed the well-known journey took,  
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.  
 A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,  
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,  
 In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:  
 Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,  
 When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high  
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.  
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there  
 came

Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.  
 From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,  
 Famine and drought proceeds, and plagues, and death.  
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,  
 A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.  
 She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand  
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:  
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear  
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high,  
 Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,  
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round;  
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,  
 And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound.  
 Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;  
 Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;  
 Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,  
 And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.  
 Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,  
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,  
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds  
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.  
 Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,  
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,  
 And all their Furies wake within their breast.  
 Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,  
 And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears:

And

And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties  
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;  
And impotent Desire to reign alone,  
That scorns the dull reversions of a throne;  
Each would the sweets of sov' reign rule devour,  
While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny ploughmen broke,  
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,  
Alike disdain'd with servile necks to bear  
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,  
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,  
And all the furrows in confusion lay;  
Such was the discord of the royal pair,  
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.  
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,  
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:  
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,  
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,  
And the short monarch of a hasty year  
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.  
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,  
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,  
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;  
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,  
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;  
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait  
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate;  
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,  
Nor silver vases took the forming mold;  
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,  
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—  
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?  
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?  
Not all bright Phœbus' views in early morn,  
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,  
When the south glows with his meridian ray,  
And the cold north receives a fainter day;  
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,  
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)  
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:  
 What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,  
 When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,  
 Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,  
 And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,  
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;  
 Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,  
 And sure the monarch whom they hate, to hate;  
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,  
 And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.  
 And one of those who groan beneath the sway  
 Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey.  
 (Whom envy to the great and vulgar spight  
 With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble minds delight),  
 Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,  
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign?  
 Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,  
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,  
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?  
 These now controul a wretched people's fate,  
 These can divide, and these reverse the state:  
 Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O servile land,  
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!  
 Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove!  
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?  
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,  
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;  
 When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,  
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,  
 And fated in Boeotian fields to found  
 A rising empire on a foreign ground,  
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,  
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?  
 What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!  
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!  
 What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!  
 Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!

Can

Can this imperious lord forget to reign,  
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?  
 Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd?  
 Who more propitious to the suppliant croud?  
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne?  
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.

O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,  
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,  
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,  
 While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,  
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:  
 Thus, on each side, alas! our tott'ring state  
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate;  
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,  
 While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.

And now th' almighty Father of the Gods  
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes:  
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies,  
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,  
 Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey  
 The realms of rising and declining day,  
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.  
 Full in the midst, and on a starry Throne,  
 The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;  
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,  
 And all the trembling spheres confess the God.  
 At Jove's assent, the deities around  
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd.  
 Next a longer order of inferior pow'rs  
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;  
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;  
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:  
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,  
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.  
 A shining synod of majestic Gods  
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;  
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,  
 And the bright arch reflects a double day.

The

The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,  
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke;  
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,  
 And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy,  
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!

Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove  
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!  
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,  
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:  
 Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires;  
 Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.

For this, I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,  
 And the mad Ruler to misguide the day.

When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,  
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.

For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign  
 Releas'd the impetuous sluices of the main:  
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.

Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;  
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.

The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,  
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.

Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,  
 And the long series of succeeding woe?

How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,  
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:

Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;  
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood?

The direful banquet why should I proclaim,  
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?

Ere I recount the sins of these profane,  
 The sun would sink into the western main,

And rising gild the radiant east again.  
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)

The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,  
 Thro' violated nature force his way,

And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?  
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans;

And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;

His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,  
 Insult his wounds and make them bleed anew.  
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just heav'n alarms,  
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.  
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear,  
 And give the nations to the waste of war.  
 Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join  
 In dire alliance with the Theban line:  
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;  
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:  
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breast  
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.

He said: and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;  
 (With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)  
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,  
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?  
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,  
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:  
 Tho' there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,  
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;  
 Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,  
 When Jove descended in almighty gold:  
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,  
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;  
 But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,  
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,  
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,  
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;  
 Curs'd Thebes, the vengeance it deserves, may prove—  
 Ah, why should Argus feel the rage of Jove?  
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister queen controul,  
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,  
 Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,  
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;  
 No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,  
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,  
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;  
 But to your Isis all my rites transfer,  
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;

For

For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,  
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound,  
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,  
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,  
 And from the long records of distant age  
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage;  
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd  
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?  
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides  
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides  
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. }  
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,  
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;  
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood  
 Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood:  
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,  
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.  
 Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love  
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?  
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share  
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?  
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,  
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;  
 On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose  
 Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.  
 Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd  
 The rage and grief contending in her breast;  
 Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the sky,  
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply:  
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear }  
 The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare  
 Against a nation thy peculiar care:  
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,  
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,  
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil  
 Their work, and rev'rence our superior will.  
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,  
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)  
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;  
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.

Haste

Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air;  
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;  
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,  
 And give up Lains to the realms of day,  
 Whole ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,  
 Expects its passage to the further strand:  
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear  
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;  
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride  
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,  
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain  
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:  
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:  
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

The God obeys, and to his feet applies  
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.  
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,  
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head.  
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;  
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts,  
 Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.  
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May  
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;  
 Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,  
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;  
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,  
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves  
 (His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,  
 While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,  
 His daily vision and his dream by night;  
 Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,  
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,  
 With transport views the airy rule his own,  
 And swells on an imaginary throne.  
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,  
 And live out all in one triumphant day.  
 He chides the lazy progress of the Sun,  
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.

With

With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,  
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend  
Where ancient Danau's fruitful fields extend,  
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,  
(Where late the Sun did Atreus' crimes detest,  
And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,  
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,  
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,  
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.  
Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,  
And thence declining gently to the main.

Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,  
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:  
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,  
And hears the murmurs of the different shores:  
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,  
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Tis now the time when Phœbus yields to night,  
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;  
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew  
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;  
All birds and beasts lie hush'd: Sleep steals away  
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,  
And brings, descending thro' the silent air,  
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.

Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,  
Promise the skies the bright return of day;  
No faint reflections of the distant light

Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;  
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,  
Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.

At once the rushing winds with roaring sound  
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,  
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,

And win by turns the kingdom of the sky;  
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds  
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,

From

THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

143

From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,  
Which the cold North congeals to haily show'rs.  
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,  
And broken light'nings flash from ev'ry cloud.  
Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain ground,  
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.  
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,  
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:  
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,  
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:  
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,  
Rush thro' the mounds and bear the dams away:  
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,  
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born:  
The storm the dark Lycæan grove display'd,  
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.  
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,  
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,  
And views astonish'd from the hills afar,  
The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,  
That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,  
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main:  
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,  
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;  
His brother's image to his mind appears,  
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with  
fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main,  
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,  
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,  
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;  
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,  
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.  
Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd,  
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;  
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way  
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.  
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height  
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:

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H

Thither

Thither with haste the Theban Hero flies;  
 On this side, Lerna's pois'nous water lies;  
 On that, Prosymna's grove and temple rise:  
 He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,  
 And to the regal palace bent his way;  
 On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,  
 And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,  
 Blest with calm peace in his declining days.  
 By both his parents of descent divine,  
 Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:  
 Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,  
 But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne  
 To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate!  
 But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)  
 Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,  
 "A yellow lion and a bristly boar."

This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,  
 Sate heavy on his heart and broke his rest;  
 This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,  
 Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.  
 The father's care and prophet's art were vain,  
 For thus did the predicting God ordain.

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand  
 Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,  
 And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,  
 Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:  
 Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,  
 He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,  
 Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,  
 And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort  
 To Adrastus' realms and hospitable court;  
 The King surveys his guests with curious eyes,  
 And views their arms and habit with surprize.  
 A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,  
 Horrid his name, and rough with curling hairs;  
 Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,  
 Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.

A boar's

A boar's stiff hide, of Caledonian breed,  
 Oenides' manly shoulders overspread;  
 Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,  
 Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,  
 The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys,  
 Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns  
 The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.  
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,  
 And a glad horror shoots thro' every vein.  
 To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,  
 And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign  
 Yon ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:  
 You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,  
 Till nature, quick'nd by th' inspiring ray,  
 Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day,  
 O thou, who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,  
 Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!  
 Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;  
 Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.  
 We to thy name our annual rites will pay,  
 And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;  
 The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,  
 And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.  
 Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes  
 Of awful Phœbus: I confeſs the Gods!

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;  
 Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;  
 Where yet thin ſmokes from dying ſparks ariſe,  
 And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,  
 The relics of a former ſacrifice.  
 The king once more the ſolemn rites requires,  
 And bids renew the feaſt, and wake the fires.  
 His train obey, while all the courts around  
 With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.  
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;  
 This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;  
 A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,  
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light;

Here loaves on cannisters are pil'd on high,  
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.  
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,  
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;  
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest;  
 Around at awful distance wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,  
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,  
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,  
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd.  
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,  
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.  
 When, from the close apartments of the night,  
 The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;  
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;  
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,  
 But that in these a milder charm endears,  
 And less of terror in their looks appears.  
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,  
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,  
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess,  
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign  
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,  
 Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,  
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.  
 Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,  
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,  
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.  
 There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,  
 On golden wings, th' Phrygian to the stars:  
 Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,  
 His native mountains lessen to his sight;  
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,  
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;  
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,  
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,  
 The first libation sprinkled on the ground,

By

By turns on each cœlestial pow'r they call ;  
 With Phœbus name resounds the vaulted hall.  
 The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,  
 Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands drest,  
 While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,  
 Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise.

Then thus the King : Perhaps, my noble guests,  
 These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts  
 To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,  
 Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind:  
 Great was the cause ; our old solemnities  
 From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise ;  
 But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay  
 These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain  
 With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring on the plain,  
 (Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,  
 And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)  
 To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,  
 And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.  
 This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,  
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd ;  
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,  
 Where filial love and virgin sweetness join'd.  
 Happy ! and happy still she might have prov'd,  
 Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd !  
 But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side  
 Of Nemea's stream, the yielding Fair enjoy'd :  
 Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,  
 Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born ;  
 The nymph, her father's anger to evade,  
 Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade ;  
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,  
 And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child ! is thine ?  
 Ah, how unworthy those of race divine ?  
 On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,  
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,

He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,  
 While the rude swain his rural music tries,  
 To call soft slumber on his infant eyes.  
 Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,  
 Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;  
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,  
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,  
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,  
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.  
 Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,  
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,  
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,  
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;  
 Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,  
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the deed, too late,  
 The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.  
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell,  
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.  
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;  
 High on a crown a rising snake appears,  
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:  
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round,  
 When night with sable wings o'er spreads the ground,  
 Devours young babes before their parents eyes,  
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Chorcæbus warms,  
 Chorcæbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;  
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,  
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.  
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,  
 The direful monster from afar descry'd;  
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side,  
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life she draws,  
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.  
 The youths surround her with extended spears;  
 But brave Chorcæbus in the front appears,  
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,  
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.

Th'

Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,  
 Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,  
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd  
 With livid poison, and our childrens' blood.  
 The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,  
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.  
 Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,  
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.  
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,  
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;  
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,  
 And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow  
 Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,  
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:  
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around  
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:  
 And now a thousand lives together fled,  
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,  
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,  
 And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;  
 Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,  
 And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame  
 Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,  
 Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,  
 In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;  
 But view'd the shrine with a superior look,  
 And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,  
 And conscious virtue still its own reward,  
 Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;  
 Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.  
 Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,  
 And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.  
 Behold him here, for whom, so many days,  
 Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;  
 For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,  
 Such numbers fell by pestilential air!

But if th' abandon'd race of human-kind  
 From Gods above no more compassion find;  
 If such inclemency in Heav'n can dwell,  
 Yet why must unoffending Argos feel  
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?  
 On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,  
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:  
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,  
 Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light,  
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,  
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;  
 But for my country let my fate atone,  
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd impartial Heav'n relieves:  
 Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;  
 For not the vengeful pow'r that glow'd with rage,  
 With such amazing virtue durst engage.  
 The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,  
 And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth re-  
 tir'd.

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,  
 And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;  
 These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:  
 These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest, (adjoin'd the King)  
 What name you bear, from what high race you spring?  
 The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known  
 Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.  
 Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night  
 And silent hours to various talk invite.

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,  
 Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:  
 Before these altars how shall I proclaim  
 (Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,  
 Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?  
 Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!  
 Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,  
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own;  
 Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,  
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.

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To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast  
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)  
 Replies—Ah why forbears the son to name  
 His wretched father, known too well by fame?  
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray,  
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.  
 Ev'n these who dwell where suns at distance roll,  
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;  
 And those who tread the burning Lybian lands,  
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;  
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,  
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;  
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known;  
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.  
 If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,  
 What Prince from those his lineage can defend?  
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface  
 With virtuous acts thy ancestors' disgrace,  
 And be thyself the honour of thy race.  
 But see! the stars begin to steal away,  
 And shine more faintly at approaching day:  
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays  
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.  
 Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast  
 And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast;  
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,  
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;  
 Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,  
 Delight in Cynthus and the shady shore;  
 Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,  
 The shining structure rais'd by lab'ring Gods:  
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;  
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:  
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,  
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,  
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,  
 The change of Sceptre's and impending woe;  
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air  
 Long trails of light and shake their blazing hair.

H 5

Thy

Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire  
 T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;  
 Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,  
 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;  
 Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost  
 Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast.  
 In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,  
 Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;  
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,  
 The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.  
 Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!  
 And on thy hospitable Argos shine;  
 Whether the style of Titan please thee more,  
 Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;  
 Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain  
 In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;  
 Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,  
 And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;  
 Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,  
 Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 253.*

TENDER SAPPHO.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'st my heart command,  
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?  
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove,  
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?  
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,  
 The Lute neglected and the Lyric muse;  
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,  
 And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.  
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn  
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born.  
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,  
 While I consume with more than Etna's fires!  
 No more my soul a charm in music finds,  
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.

Soft

Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,  
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.  
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,  
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;  
All other loves are lost in only thine,  
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!  
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,  
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?  
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,  
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;  
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,  
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:  
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,  
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;  
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,  
Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee.  
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,  
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.  
Tho' great Alceus more sublimely sings,  
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,  
No less renown attends the moving lyre,  
Which Venus tunes and all her loves inspire;  
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,  
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.  
Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends  
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.  
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame  
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;  
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,  
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.  
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,  
But such as merit such as equal thine,  
By none, alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,  
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!  
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,  
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:  
No time the dear remembrance can remove,  
For oh! how vast a mem'ry has love?  
My music, then, you could for ever hear,  
And all my words were music to your ear.

You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,  
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.  
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;  
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.  
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,  
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,  
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,  
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.  
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;  
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame?  
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast  
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;  
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,  
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.  
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,  
Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains!  
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,  
And still increase the woes so soon begun?  
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,  
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:  
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,  
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:  
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,  
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.  
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,  
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?  
No more my robes in waving purple flow,  
Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;  
No more my locks in ring'lets curl'd diffuse  
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,  
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,  
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:  
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?  
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!  
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,  
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:  
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,  
And gave to Venus all my life to come;  
Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,  
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.

By

By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,  
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?  
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,  
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.  
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,  
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.  
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,  
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.  
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!  
O useful time for lovers to employ!  
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,  
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!  
The vows you never will return, receive;  
And take at least the love you will not give.  
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!  
The less my sense, the more my love appears.  
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,  
(At least to feign was never hard to you)  
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;  
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!  
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,  
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.  
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,  
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.  
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,  
But this, be mindful of our loves, and live.  
Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,  
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,  
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)  
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,  
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,  
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;  
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,  
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:  
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,  
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;  
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;  
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.  
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,  
Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.

My

My scornful brother with a smile appears,  
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,  
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes;  
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.  
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,  
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,  
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;  
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!  
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,  
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:  
 Oh night, more pleasing than the brightest day,  
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,  
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,  
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!  
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,  
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine;  
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak;  
 A thousand melting kisses give, and take:  
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,  
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.  
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,  
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,  
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,  
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:  
 Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove  
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove,  
 As if the silent grove and lonely plains,  
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.  
 I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,  
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,  
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,  
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.  
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;  
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.  
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray  
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;  
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,  
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.  
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,  
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:

Night

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Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,  
All but the mournful Philomel and I :  
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,  
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 148.*

ULYSSES'S SPEECH TO ACHILLES.

HEALTH to Achilles ! happy are thy guests !  
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts :  
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,  
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords ;  
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,  
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.  
What scenes of slaughter in yon field appear !  
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear ;  
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,  
And owns no help but from thy saving hands :  
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call ;  
Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall :  
Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,  
And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame !  
For them the Father of the gods declares,  
Theirs are his omen, and his thunders theirs.  
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise !  
See ! heav'n and earth the raging chief defies ;  
What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his eyes !  
He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame  
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.  
Heav'ns ! how my country's woes distract my mind,  
Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd.  
And must we, gods ! our heads inglorious lay  
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day ?  
Return, Achilles ! Oh return, tho' late,  
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate ;  
If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,  
Rise to redeem ; ah yet, to conquer, rise !  
The day may come, when all our warriors slain,  
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.

Regard

Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!  
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave;  
 When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd  
 His parting son, these accents were his last:  
 My child! with strength, with glory, and success,  
 Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!  
 Trust that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage  
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:  
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,  
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe;  
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,  
 The virtues of humanity be thine.—  
 This, now despis'd advice, thy father gave;  
 Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave,  
 If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' pray'rs,  
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;  
 If not—but hear me, while I number o'er  
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.  
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;  
 Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame  
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;  
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,  
 And still victorious in the dusty course:  
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed  
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed),  
 Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,  
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,  
 The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,  
 When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.  
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,  
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid;  
 With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,  
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine;  
 Untouch'd she staid, uninjur'd she removes,  
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.  
 These instant shall be thine; and if the pow'rs  
 Give to our arms proud Ilium's hostile tow'rs,  
 Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)  
 With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides.

Besides

Besides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,  
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;  
Such as thyself shall chuse; who yield to none,  
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.  
Yet hear me farther; when our wars are o'er,  
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,  
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,  
And with Orestes' self divide his care.  
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,  
And each well worthy of a royal bed;  
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,  
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair.  
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;  
He asks no presents, no reward for love:  
Himself will give the dow'r; so vast a store,  
As never father gave a child before.  
Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,  
Thee Enope, and Pheræ thee obey,  
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,  
And sacred Pedasus, for wines renown'd:  
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,  
And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields:  
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain  
Along the verdant margin of the main.  
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;  
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.  
There shalt thou reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,  
And rule the tributary realms around.  
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,  
Such the repentance of a suppliant king.  
But if all this relentless thou disdain,  
If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain;  
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,  
And be, amongst her guardian gods, ador'd.  
If no regard thy suff'ring country claim,  
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame;  
For now that chief, whose unresisted ire  
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,  
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,  
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands.

*Iliad, b. ix. l. 295.*

## UNIVERSAL CHARITY RECOMMENDED.

March 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could send you either the Miscellany, or my continuation of the version of Statius. The first I imagine you might have had before now, but since the contrary has happen'd, you may draw this moral from it, That authors in general are more ready to write nonsense than booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added, have been written; which I tell you, that you may more freely be severe upon them. 'Tis a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance, as trees do blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. They make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their own flowers to the market, which if they can't get off their hands in the morning are sure to die before night. Thus the same reason that furnishes Covent-garden with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the *Muses Mercury* and *British Apollo* (not to say *Jacob's Miscellanies*) with verses. And it is the happiness of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence apiece, has brought the nosegays of Parnassus to bear the same price; whereby the publick-spirited Mr. Henry Hills of Black-friars has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the learned, who never over-abounded in transitory coin, should not be discontented (methinks) even though poems were distributed gratis about the streets, like Bunyan's sermons and other pious treatises, usually published in a like volume and character.

The

The time now drawing nigh, when you use with Sappho to cross the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her: — I mean only (as Old-fox in the Plain-dealer says) through the ear, with your well penn'd verses. I wish you all the pleasures which the season and the nymph can afford; the best company, the best coffee, and the best news you can desire; and what more to wish you than this, I do not know; unless it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verses I send you: I promise you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your sentiments for the future (to which, you know, I have been sometimes a little refractory). If you will please to begin where you left off last, and mark the margin, as you have done in the pages immediately before (which you will find corrected to your sense since your last perusal), you will extremely oblige me, and improve my translation. Besides those places which may deviate from the sense of the author, it would be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The Hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as possible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a profess'd enemy: though, I confess, I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading Malherbe lately, that there is scarce any throughout his poems. I thought your observation true enough to be pass'd into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that it ever had been reduced to practice: But this example of one of the most correct and best of their Poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, tho' he made it a rule, seldom observ'd it.

Your, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 61.*

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES AND THE BEGGAR IRUS (BATTLE  
BETWEEN).

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive hero sat,  
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;  
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,  
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind;  
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour,  
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.  
When on his mother's knees a babe he lay,  
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:  
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,  
Practis'd the common messenger to fly;  
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.

From his own roof, with meditated blows,  
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.

Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,  
Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;  
See how with nods assent yon princely train!  
But, hon'ring age, in mercy I refrain:  
In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,  
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.

To whom with stern regard: O insolence,  
Indecently to rail without offence!  
What bounty gives, without a rival share;  
I ask, what harms not thee, to breath this air:  
Alike on alms we both precarious live;  
And canst thou envy when the great relieve?  
Know, from the bounteous heav'ns all riches flow,  
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow;  
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,  
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;  
Old as I am, should once my fury burn,  
How wouldst thou fly, or ev'n in thought return?

Mere woman glutton! (thus the churl reply'd);  
A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!  
Why cease I, gods? to dash those teeth away,  
Like some wild boar's, that, greedy of his prey,

Uproots

Uproots the bearded corn? Rise, try the fight,  
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:  
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;  
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age:

Thus in a wordy war their tongues display  
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;  
Antinous hears, and in a jovial vein,  
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor train.

This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,  
And lo! the gods conspire to crown our joy.  
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand;  
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand;  
Why urge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they spring  
Swift from their seats, and thick'ning form a ring.

To whom Antinous. Lo! enrich'd with blood,  
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food!)  
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow  
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;  
Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay,  
The sole attendant on the genial day.

The lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,  
And fears well feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart.

Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;  
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?  
Hard conflict! when calamity and age  
With vig'rous youth, unknown to cares, engage!  
Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day  
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;  
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,  
Swear to stand neutral while we cope in fight.

The peers assent: when straight his sacred head  
Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said,  
Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong  
Of this bold insolent; confide, be strong!  
Th' injurious Greek that dares attempt a blow,  
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;  
And these my friends shall guard the sacred ties  
Of hospitality, for they are wise.

Then, girding his strong loins, the king prepares  
To close in combat, and his body bares;

Broad

Broad spread his shoulders, and his nervous thighs  
 By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise:  
 Ample his chest, his arms are round and long,  
 And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong,  
 (Attendant on her chief:) the suitor-crowd  
 With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud:

Irus! alas! shall Irus be no more,  
 Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!  
 Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim,  
 Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame!  
 Then pale with fears, and sick'ning at the sight,  
 They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight:  
 From his blank visage fled the coward blood,  
 And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood:

O that such baseness should disgrace the light!  
 O hide it, death, in everlasting night!  
 (Exclaims Antinous): can a vig'rous foe  
 Meanly decline to combat age and woe?  
 But hear me, wretch! if, recreant in the fray,  
 That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day;  
 Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd;  
 A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant kind,  
 Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey  
 To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.

While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,  
 In ev'ry joint the trembling Irus shook:  
 Now front to front each frowning champion stands,  
 And poises high in air his adverse hands.  
 The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below  
 To sell the giant at one vengeful blow,  
 Or save his life; and soon his life to save  
 The king resolves, for mercy sways the brave,  
 That instant Irus his huge arm extends,  
 Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends;  
 The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose  
 The hero latent in the man of woes,  
 Check'd half his might; yet, rising to the stroke,  
 His jaw-bone dash'd; the crashing jaw-bone broke:  
 Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning wound;  
 His feet extended, quiv'ring beat the ground;

His

His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood :  
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush innix'd with blood.

The peers transported, as out-stretch'd he lies,  
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies.

Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,  
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground :

Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,  
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls :

Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,  
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave.

There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign  
A dreadful tyrant o'er the bestial train !

But mercy to the poor and stranger show,  
Lest heav'n in vengeance send some mightier woe.

*Odyssey; b. xviii. l. 1.*

#### ULYSSES ADVENTURES IN TROY.

SEAM'D o'er with wounds which his own sabre  
gave,

In the vile habit of a village slave,  
The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain,  
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.  
In this attire secure from searching eyes,  
Till haply piercing thro' the dark disguise  
The chief I challeng'd ; he whose practis'd wit,  
Knew all the serpent-mazes of deceit,  
Eludes my search : but when his form I view'd  
Fresh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,  
His limbs in military purple dress'd ;  
Each bright'ning grace the genuine Greek confess'd.  
A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,  
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,  
To keep his stay conceal'd ; the chief declar'd  
The plans of war against the town prepar'd.  
Exploring then the secrets of the state ;  
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate :  
And safe returning to the Grecian host,  
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.

Loud

Loud grief resounded thro' the tow'rs of Troy,  
 But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy :  
 For then with dire remorse, and conscious shame,  
 I view'd th' effects of that disastrous flame,  
 Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,  
 Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove :  
 And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd  
 My absent daughter, and my dearer lord ;  
 Admir'd among the first of human race,  
 For ev'ry gift of mind, and manly grace.

*Odyssey, b. iv. l. 335.*

#### VIRTUE AND VICE.

FOOLS ! who from hence into the notion fall,  
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.  
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite  
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?  
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;  
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;  
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.  
 But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed :  
 Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;  
 In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,  
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.  
 No creature owns it in the first degree,  
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he :  
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,  
 Or never feel the rage, or never own ;  
 What happier nature shrink at with affright,  
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,  
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;  
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise ;  
 And ev'n the best by fits, what they despise.

'Tis

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;  
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;  
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;  
 But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whole.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 64.*

VIRTUE (THE TRUE REWARD OF).

" BUT sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."  
 What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?  
 That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;  
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil.  
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,  
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.  
 The good man may be weak, be indolent;  
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.  
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?  
 " No—shall the good want Health, the good want  
 " Pow'r?"

Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,  
 " Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no king?"  
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n?  
 Why is not man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?  
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive  
 God gives enough, while he has more to give;  
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;  
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,  
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,  
 Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?  
 Then give Humility a coach and six,  
 Justice a Conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,  
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.  
 Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there  
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?  
 The Boy and Man an Individual makes,  
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?  
 Go, like the Indian, in another life  
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;

As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,  
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 89.*

#### VULCAN'S ADDRESS.

THE feast disturb'd with sorrow Vulcan saw,  
His mother menac'd, and the gods in awe;  
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,  
Thus interpos'd the architect divine.  
The wretched quarrels of the mortal state  
Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:  
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,  
We in eternal peace, and constant joy.  
Thou, goddess-mother, with our fire comply,  
Nor break the sacred union of the sky;  
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,  
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.  
If you submit, the thund'rer stands pleas'd;  
The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.

Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,  
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,  
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,  
Goddess, (he cry'd), be patient and obey.  
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,  
I can but grieve, unable to defend.  
What god so daring in your aid to move,  
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?  
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,  
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' æthereal height;  
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;  
Nor till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:  
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;  
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,  
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd,  
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,  
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.

Vulcan

Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,  
 And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies;  
 Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong  
 In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.  
 Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round  
 With voice alternate aid the silver sound:  
 Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight  
 Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.  
 Then to their starry domes the gods depart,  
 The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:  
 Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,  
 And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

*Iliad, b. i. l. 738.*

#### VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;  
 Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,  
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,  
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.  
 To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,  
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;  
 'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to 'tend,  
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.  
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,  
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,  
 To descent form the lawless shoots to bring,  
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.  
 Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,  
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives;  
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,  
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,  
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.  
 Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,  
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.  
 How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,  
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,

The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,  
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,  
 Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,  
 To pass the fences, and surprise the fair?  
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,  
 Like these rejected by the scornful dame.  
 To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:  
 And first a reaper from the field appears.  
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain  
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.  
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,  
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:  
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,  
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.  
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,  
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.  
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,  
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.  
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;  
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;  
 Each shape he varies, and each heart he tries,  
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.  
 A female form at last Vertumnus wears,  
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,  
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;  
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,  
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.  
 The God in this decrepid form array'd,  
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;  
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)  
 " Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,  
 " As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"  
 Then kiss'd the fair (his kisses warmer grow  
 Than such as women on their sex bestow);  
 Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,  
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.  
 An elm was near, to whose embraces led,  
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:  
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,  
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet

Yet this tall elm, but for this vine (he said),  
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;  
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround  
 Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.  
 Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move  
 Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.  
 Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!  
 What nymph could e'er attract such crouds as you?  
 Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,  
 Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.  
 Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,  
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain;  
 A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,  
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.  
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,  
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,  
 And one whose tender care is far above  
 All that these lovers ever felt of love,  
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)  
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.  
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;  
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.  
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;  
 Like you, contented with his native groves:  
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;  
 For you he lives; and you alone shall share  
 His last affection, as his early care.  
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,  
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.  
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,  
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.  
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,  
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.  
 To him your orchards' early fruits are due,  
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)  
 He values these; but yet (alas!) complains,  
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.  
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows  
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;

Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,  
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;  
You, only you, can move the God's desire:  
Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire!  
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;  
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind;  
So may no frost, when early buds appear,  
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;  
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,  
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,  
He strait assum'd his native form again;  
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,  
As when thro' clouds th' emerging Sun appears,  
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,  
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.  
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;  
For when, appearing in a form divine,  
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace  
Of charming features, and a youthful face!  
In her soft breast consenting passions move,  
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 311.*

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VALOUR (ENCOURAGEMENT TO).

Oh lasting infamy! oh dire disgrace  
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!  
I trusted in the gods, and you, to see  
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free;  
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,  
And one black day clouds all her former fame.  
Heav'n's! what a prodigy these eyes survey,  
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!  
Fly we at length from Troy's oft conquer'd bands;  
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?  
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,  
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;

Like

Like frightened fawns from hill to hill pursu'd,  
 A prey to ev'ry savage of the wood :  
 Shall these, so late, who trembled at your name,  
 Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame ?  
 A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought ?  
 The soldiers baseness, or the gen'ral's fault ?  
 Fools ! will ye perish for your leader's vice ?  
 The purchase infamy, and life the price !  
 'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame :  
 Another's is the crime, but your's the shame.  
 Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or lust,  
 Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust ?  
 Prevent this evil, and your country save :  
 Small thoughts retrieve the spirits of the brave.  
 Think, and subdue ! on dastards dead to fame  
 I waste no anger, for they feel no shame :  
 But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host,  
 My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost !  
 Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose ;  
 A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.  
 Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,  
 On endless infamy, on instant death.  
 For lo ! the fated time, th' appointed shore ;  
 Hark ! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar !  
 Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall ;  
 The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

*Iliad, b. xiii, l. 131.*

#### VANITY OF THE WORLD.

AS a visitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what  
 other denomination soever), you are always welcome  
 to me ; and will be more so, I hope, every day that  
 we live ; for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I  
 like myself, best when we have both of us least busi-  
 ness. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much  
 and often, by the stations in which I was placed ; but  
 God, that knows my heart, knows I never lov'd it ;  
 and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find

less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, 'tis *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time, the judicious world is pleas'd to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be so taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 339.*

#### VENALITY OF WRITERS.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew  
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:  
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still  
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,  
'That all beside, one pities, not abhors;  
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;  
It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:  
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,  
But that the cure is starving, all allow.  
Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,  
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give  
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:

The

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,  
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read:  
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,  
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above,  
 Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:  
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

One sings the Fair: but songs no longer move;  
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:  
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,  
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,  
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.  
 Those write because all write, and so have still  
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet  
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit:  
 'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;  
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more:  
 Sense, pass thro' him, no longer is the same;  
 For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs,  
 Who live like S-e-t-t-n, or who die like Chartres,  
 Outcant old Esdras, or outdrink his heir,  
 Outsure Jews, or Irishmen outswear;  
 Wicked as Pages, who in early years  
 Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears.  
 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake  
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;  
 Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell  
 In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence;  
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-  
 dence:

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,  
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,  
 And brings all natural events to pass,  
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass.  
 No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be  
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.

What further could I wish the fop to do,  
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?  
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear  
 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?  
 Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,  
 Like nets or lime-twigs for rich Widows' hearts;  
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,  
 And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench!  
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold  
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.  
 Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain;  
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.  
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known,  
 If PETER deigns to help you to your *own*:  
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies!  
 And what a solemn face, if he denies!  
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear  
 'Twas only Suretiship that brought 'em there.  
 His Office keeps your Parchment fates entire,  
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;  
 For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,  
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust;  
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws,  
 Takes God to witness, he affects your cause,  
 And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,  
 Like a King's Favourite — or like a King.  
 These are the talents that adorn them all,  
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly.  
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,  
 Not more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns,  
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;  
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;  
 Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land,  
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand;  
 And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,  
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at *White's*,  
 Or City Heir in mortgage melts away;  
*Satan* himself feels far less joy than they.  
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,  
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.

Then

Then strongly fencing ill got wealth by law,  
 Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,  
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far  
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are ;  
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,  
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.  
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs  
 The deeds, and dext'rously omits, *his heirs* :  
 No Commentator can more sily pass  
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place :  
 Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out  
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.  
 So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,  
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even-song ;  
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,  
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause.

The lands are bought ; but where are to be found  
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground ?  
 We see no well-built palaces aspire,  
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.  
 Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore  
 The good old landlord's hospitable door ?  
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes  
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs ;  
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,  
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals ;  
 And all mankind might that just Mean observe,  
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.  
 These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,  
 But oh ! these works are not in fashion now :  
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,  
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence ;  
 Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense,  
 Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw  
 Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 310.*

## VIOLATED BLOSSOMS.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,  
 When the fair Confort of her son replies :  
 Since you a servant's raviſh'd form bemoan;  
 And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own ;  
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate  
 A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.  
 No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare  
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,  
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride,  
 (Myſelf the offspring of a ſecond bride).  
 This Nymph, compreſs'd by him who rules the day,  
 Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,  
 Andramon lov'd ; and, bleſs'd in all thoſe charms  
 That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with ſhelving banks around,  
 Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd.  
 Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the fates, ſhe ſought,  
 And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought ;  
 Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſs'd  
 Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breaſt.  
 Not diſtant far, a wat'ry Lotos grows,  
 The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs,  
 Adorn'd with bloſſoms, promiſ'd fruits that vie  
 In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :  
 Of theſe ſhe crop'd to pleaſe her infant ſon,  
 And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done :  
 But lo ! I ſaw (as near her ſide I ſtood)  
 The violated bloſſoms drop with blood.  
 Upon the tree I caſt a frightful look ;  
 The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.  
 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)  
 As from Priapus' lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,  
 Forſook her form ; and fixing here, became  
 A flow'ry plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.  
 This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight  
 My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight :

And

And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,  
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:  
 But when she backward would have fled, she found  
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:  
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,  
 And, as she struggles, only moves above;  
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow.  
 By quick degrees, and cover all below:  
 Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves  
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:  
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen  
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.  
 The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,  
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,  
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd  
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.  
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,  
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,  
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,  
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andraemon, and th' unhappy fire  
 Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;  
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,  
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind.  
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,  
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.  
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,  
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;  
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,  
 From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear,  
 And stait a voice, while yet a voice remains,  
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains:

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,  
 I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of Heav'n,  
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;  
 In mutual innocence our lives we led:  
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,  
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,  
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey.

}  
 But

But from my branching arm this infant bear,  
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :  
 And to his mother let him oft be led,  
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;  
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame  
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,  
 To hail this tree ; and say with weeping eyes,  
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies :  
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,  
 Oh, let him fly the chrystal lakes and foods,  
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs ; but, warn'd by me,  
 Believe a Goddess stirn'd in ev'ry tree.  
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !  
 If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,  
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel  
 The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.  
 Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join  
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.  
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,  
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.  
 I can no more ; the creeping rind invades  
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :  
 Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice  
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.  
 She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ;  
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;  
 Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,  
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 303.*

#### VISION OF ACHILLES.

HE spoke ; they hear him, and the word obey ;  
 The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,  
 Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.  
 But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,  
 Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,  
 Lies

Lies inly groaning; while, on either hand,  
 The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand:  
 Along the grass his languid members fall,  
 Tir'd with his chase around the Trojan wall;  
 Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,  
 At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.  
 When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,  
 Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;  
 In the same robe he living wore, he came,  
 In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.  
 The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,  
 And sleeps Achilles? (thus the phantom said),  
 Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?  
 Living, I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care,  
 But now, forgot, I wander in the air;  
 Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,  
 And give me entrance in the realms below:  
 Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,  
 But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chase.  
 The vagrant dead around the dark abode,  
 Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.  
 Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore  
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more.  
 When once the last funereal flames ascend,  
 No more shall meet Achilles and his friend,  
 No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known,  
 Or quit the dearest to converse alone.  
 Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,  
 The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:  
 Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall  
 Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.  
 Hear then; and, as in fate and love we join,  
 Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!  
 Together have we liv'd, together bred,  
 One house receiv'd us, and one table fed:  
 That golden urn thy goddess-mother gave,  
 May mix our ashes in one common grave.  
 And is it you? (he answers); to my sight  
 Once more return' st thou from the realms of night?

Oh

Oh more than brother! think each office paid,  
 Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;  
 But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!  
 Afford at least that melancholy joy.  
 He said, and with his longing arms essay'd  
 In vain to grasp the visionary shade;  
 Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,  
 And hears a feeble lamentable cry.  
 Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands  
 Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,  
 Pensive he muses with uplifted hands,  
 'Tis true, 'tis certain; man tho' dead, retains  
 Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:  
 The form subsists without the body's aid,  
 Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!  
 This night, my friend, so late in battle lost,  
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;  
 Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,  
 Alas! how different, yet how like the same!

*Iliad, b. xxiii. l. 67.*

#### VILLAS.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension, that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste; particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats (or, if you will, Villas) of the nation. This he described to me in those verses, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

*Baiana nostra villa, Basse, Faustini,  
 Non otiosi ordinata myrtetis,  
 Viduaque platano, consilique buxeto,*

*Ingrata*

*Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;  
Sed rursus vero, barbaroque lactatur.*

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorn'd Nature, that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquility, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the Ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the seventh *Odyssey*, to which I refer the Reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which, in those times of simplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince. It was enclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The Vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the Garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the usual place of our Kitchen Gardens.

The

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the enclosure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens; and the other underneath the palace into the town, for the service of the publick.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We seem to make it our study to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself: we run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

*Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,  
Implacos late muros, et moenia circum  
Porrigere, et latus e ramis surgere turres;  
Desseam et myrtum in puppes, atque aerea rostra:  
In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.  
Parte alia frondere suis tentoria castris;  
Scutaque, spiculaque, et jaculantia citra vallos.*

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature; as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature: On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A Citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into Giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his country seat with a Coronation dinner in greens, where you see the Champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of Greens to be disposed of by an eminent Town-Gardener, who  
has

has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the Villas and Gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso Gardener, who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of Evergreens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew ; Adam, a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm ; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George in Box ; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the same, with a tail of Ground Ivy for the present.

N. B. These two not be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypress.

A Laurustine Bear in Blossom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A pair of Giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of Honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben Johnson in Laurel.

Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of ; a pennyworth.

A quick-set Hog shot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavender Pig, with Sage growing in his belly.

A pair

A pair of Maidenheads in Fir, in great forwardness.

He also cutteth family-pieces of men, women, and children, so that any gentleman may have his lady's effigy in Myrtle, or his own in Horn-beam.

*Thy Wife shall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive-branches round thy table.*

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 263.*

#### VARIOUS OPINIONS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exertations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons, Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection: but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of Variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the Witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Person as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader,

if

if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious : allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill natured, modest or arrogant ; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education : But as to these, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith, he was educated at home ; another, that he was bred at St. Omer's, by Jesuits ; a third, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford ; a fourth, that he had no University education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor : One saith, he was kept by his father on purpose ; a second, that he was an itinerant priest ; a third, that he was a parson ; one calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome ; another, a monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one supposeth, like the Father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant ; another, a husbandman ; another, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a Daemon : For thus Mr. Gildon : " Certain it is, that his original is not " from Adam, but the Devil ; and that he wanteth " nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal Father." Finding therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themselves what Parents or Education he had, or whether he had any Education or Parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them ; beginning with his ESSAY ON CRITICISM, of which hear first the most ancient of Critics,

Mr.

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his  
 “ thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions ab-  
 “ surd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes  
 “ trivial and common;—instead of majesty, we have  
 “ something that is very mean; instead of gravity,  
 “ something that is very boyish; and instead of per-  
 “ spicuity and lucid order, we have but too often ob-  
 “ scurity and confusion.” And in another place:  
 “ What rare *numbers* are here! Would not one swear  
 “ that this youngster had espoused some antiquated  
 “ Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some su-  
 “ perannuated sinner, upon account of impotence,  
 “ and who, being poked by the former spouse, has  
 “ got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her  
 “ *bobble so damnably.*”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercri-  
 tical Historian

Mr. OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism  
 “ in verse; but if any more curious reader has disco-  
 “ vered in it something *new* which is not in Dryden’s  
 “ prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatic  
 “ poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should  
 “ be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery.”

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the  
 modest and simple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED,

Who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming  
 him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the  
 Duke of Buckingham’s, and the Criticisms of Dryden,  
 and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth: “ As  
 “ to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in  
 “ verse and prose, that have been written by the mo-  
 “ derns on this ground-work, they do but *backney the*  
 “ *same thoughts over again*, making them still more  
 “ *trite*. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert,  
 “ insipid heap of *common place*. Horace has even in  
 “ his

“ his Art of Poetry thrown out several things which  
“ plainly shew, he thought an Art of Poetry was of  
“ no use, even while he was writing one.”

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose  
that of

MR. ADDISON.

“ The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was pub-  
“ lished some months since, is a master-piece in its  
“ kind. The observations follow one another like  
“ those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that me-  
“ thodical regularity which would have been requi-  
“ site in a prose writer. They are some of them un-  
“ common, but such as the reader must assent to, when  
“ he sees them explained with that ease and perspi-  
“ cuity in which they are delivered. As for those  
“ which are the *most known* and the *most received*,  
“ they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illus-  
“ trated with such apt allusions, that they have in  
“ them all the graces of novelty; and make the  
“ reader, who was before acquainted with them, still  
“ more convinced of their truth and solidity. And  
“ here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boi-  
“ leau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to  
“ his works: That wit and fine writing doth not con-  
“ sist so much in advancing things that are new, as  
“ in giving things that are known an agreeable turn.  
“ It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of  
“ the world, to make observations in criticism, mo-  
“ rality, or any art or science, which have not been  
“ touched upon by others; we have little else left  
“ us, but to represent the common sense of mankind  
“ in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncom-  
“ mon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of  
“ Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which  
“ he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were  
“ not commonly known by all the poets of the Au-  
“ gustan age. His way of expressing, and applying  
“ them, not his invention of them, is what we are  
“ chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus,

“ Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the  
 “ same kind of sublime, which he observes in the  
 “ several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but  
 “ take notice that our English author has after the  
 “ same manner exemplified several of the precepts in  
 “ the very precepts themselves.” He then produces  
 some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers,  
 and concludes with saying, that “ there are three  
 “ poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each  
 “ a master-piece in its kind: The Essay on Translated  
 “ Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the  
 “ Essay on Criticism.”

Of WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment  
 of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

“ That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ  
 “ in emulation of the Cooper’s Hill of Sir John Den-  
 “ ham: The author of it is obscure, is ambiguous,  
 “ is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous.”

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from  
 this opinion: “ Those who have seen these two ex-  
 “ cellent poems of Cooper’s Hill, and Windsor Fo-  
 “ rest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other  
 “ by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candor if  
 “ they approve of this.”

Of the Epistle of ELOISA, we are told by the ob-  
 scure writer of a poem called Sawney, “ That be-  
 “ cause Prior’s Henry and Emma charmed the finest  
 “ tastes, our author writ his Eloise in *opposition to it*;  
 “ but forgot innocence and virtue: If you take away  
 “ her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the  
 “ rest is of no value.” In which, methinks, his judg-  
 ment resembleth that of a French taylor on a villa  
 and gardens by the Thames: “ All this is very fine;  
 “ but take away the river, and it is good for no-  
 “ thing.”

But

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma*,

O *Abelard*! ill-fated youth,  
Thy tale will justify this truth;  
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong  
Adorns a nobler Poet's song:  
Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev'd,  
With kind concern and skill, has weav'd  
A filken web; and ne'er shall fade  
Its colours: gently has he laid  
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,  
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *ILIAD*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, Knt.

Who (tho' otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation." That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it: "The spirit of Homer breathes all  
" through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I  
" should most admire the justness to the original, or  
" the force and beauty of the language, or the sound-  
" ing variety of the numbers: But when I find all  
" these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet  
" says of one of his heroes, That he alone rais'd  
" and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two com-  
" mon men could not lift from the ground; just so,  
" one single person has performed in this translation,  
" what I once despaired to have seen done by the  
" force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same  
gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his  
Vol. II. K Essay

Essay on the Art of sinking in reputation (printed in *Mist's Journal*, March 30, 1728), where he says thus:  
 " In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into  
 " his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there), and  
 " pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange Variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

" That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a *younger muse*, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supererogated himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, N<sup>o</sup>. 40.

" When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I  
 " am in a particular manner pleased with the labours  
 " of those who have improved our language with the  
 " translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We  
 " have already most of their Historians in our own  
 " tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our  
 " language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation.  
 " The illiterate among our own countrymen may  
 " learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most  
 " perfect Epic performance. And those parts of  
 " Homer which have been published already by Mr.  
 " Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will  
 " appear in English with as little disadvantage to  
 " that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this *younger muse* was an *elder*: Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith himself that he did it *before*. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration

ration thereof in the preface to the *Iliad*, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD, *Mist's Journal*, June 8, 1728)

"publish such an author as he has least studied, and  
 "forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor.  
 "In this project let him lend the bookseller his name  
 "(for a competent sum of money) to promote the  
 "credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle  
 reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the *Proposal* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same *Journalist* of June 8,  
 "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription,  
 "and raised some thousands of pounds for the same:  
 "I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits  
 "of this extravagant subscription."  
 "After the *Iliad*, he undertook (saith

*MIST'S JOURNAL*, June 8, 1728)

"the sequel of that work, the *Odyssy*; and having  
 "secured the success by a numerous subscription, he  
 "employed some *underlings* to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own  
 "hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,  
 (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription  
 "for Shakspeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: And  
 "that the benefit of *this Proposal* is not solely for my  
 "own use, but for that of *two of my friends*, who have  
 "assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of *Mist's Journals*, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he  
 K 2 "would

" would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment  
 " again of getting a great part of a book done by  
 " assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhap-  
 " pily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declen-  
 " sion of the whole." Behold ! these *Underlings* are  
 become good writers !

" If any say, that before the said Proposals were  
 printed, the subscription was begun without declara-  
 tion of such assistance ; verily those who set it on foot,  
 or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right ho-  
 nourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he  
 living, would testify, and the right honourable the  
 Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify, the same  
 is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or  
 of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax,  
 or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only report-  
 ers, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity,  
 " obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the  
 " *whole body of our nobility*, and transferred his power-  
 " ful interest with those great men to this rising bard,  
 " who frequently levied by that means unusual con-  
 " tributions on the Public." Which surely cannot  
 be, if, as the author of *The Dunciad* Dissected re-  
 porteth, " Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him  
 " into a familiar acquaintance with the *greatest Peers*  
 " and *brightest Wits* then living."

" No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his  
 " body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resent-  
 " ment, libelled the memory of his departed friend ;  
 " and what was still more heinous, made the scandal  
 " public." Grievous the accusation ! unknown the  
 accuser ! the person accused no witness in his own  
 cause ; the person, in whose regard accused, dead ! But  
 if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship,  
 yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addi-  
 son procured to our author ; let him stand forth, that  
 truth

truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals, and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next he is taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

" Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

" These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, January 27, 1726-7, that " These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," etc. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq; and

others, who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman compos'd his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

"The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull  
 "and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence  
 "of our Religion and Constitution, and who has been  
 "dead many years." This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who press'd Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the  
 "work of that reverend prelate, and how full he  
 "was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble Person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff rai'ers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they

they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

sums up his character in these lines:

- “ And yet so wond’rous, so sublime a thing,
- “ As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
- “ Unless I justly could at once commend
- “ A *good companion* and as *firm a friend*;
- “ One *moral*, or a mere *well-natur’d deed*,
- “ Can all desert in sciences exceed.”

So also is he decypher’d by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

- “ Say, wond’rous youth, what column wilt thou
- chuse,
- “ What laurel arch, for thy triumphant Muse?
- “ Tho’ each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
- “ Tho’ ev’ry laurel through the dome be thine,
- “ Go to the *good* and *just*, an awful train!
- “ *Thy soul’s delight*” ———

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

- “ O! ever worthy, ever crown’d with praise!
- “ Blest in thy *life* and blest in all thy *lays*.
- “ Add, that the Sisters ev’ry thought refine,
- “ And ev’n thy *life*, be *faultless* as thy *line*,
- “ Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
- “ Obscures the *virtue*, and defames the *Muse*.
- “ A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign’d,
- “ Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.”

The witty and moral satirist

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue :

“ Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse’s train;  
“ Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain!”

Mr. MALLEY,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism :

“ Whose life, severely scan’d, transcends his lays ;  
“ For wit supreme, is but his second praise.”

Mr. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now, fir’d by Pope and *Virtue*, leave the age,  
“ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,  
“ And trace the author thro’ his moral page,  
“ Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

Mr. THOMPSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons :

“ Altho’ not sweeter his own Homer sings,  
“ Yet is his *life* the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME.

“ Thus, nobly rising in fair *virtue*’s cause,  
“ From thy own *life* transcribe th’ *unerring laws*.”

And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick’s :

“ A soul with ev’ry virtue fraught,  
“ By Patriots, Priests, and Poets taught,  
“ Whose filial piety excells  
“ Whatever Grecian story tells ;  
“ A genius for each bus’ness fit,  
“ Whose meanest talent is his wit,” etc.

Let

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his Character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: First again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr. JOHN DENNIS;

Who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just *contrary to some good quality*, for which all their *friends and acquaintance* commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to *People of Quality*, and authors of that rank.—He must derive his religion from St. Omer's."—But the Character of Mr. P. and his writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716), he saith, "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he *laughs at it*; but that "nevertheless, he is a *virulent Papist*; and yet a *Pillar for the Church of England*."

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1718, "That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But, as to his *pique against People of Quality*, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), "He had, by some means or other, the *acquaintance and friendship* of the *whole body of our nobility*."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast,

"and a man: a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners; an Assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of Kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast*. Another protests that he does not know *what may happen*; advises him to *insure his person*; says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his life*. One desires he would *cut his own throat, or hang himself*. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the Government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a *Minister*, that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom*; and assureth the Public, that he is an *open and mortal enemy to his country*; a monster, that *will, one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian*, who runs a *muck* to kill the first Christian he meets. Another gives information of *Treason* discovered in his poem. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings and Princesses*. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the Two most SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as members of the Dunciad.

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest Enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares, "He has fo  
" great

" great an *esteem* for Mr. Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his *genius* and *excellencies*; that, notwithstanding he professes a *veneration almost rising to Idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do *him* justice, at the expence of that *other gentleman's* character."

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to with from his heart, " That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love." He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that Poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares " the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only."

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER, says, " Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's. And, that he *had* all the merit, that a man can have that way." And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

" But in his other works what beauties shine,  
 " While sweetest Music dwells in ev'ry line!  
 " These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,  
 " And bade them live to brighten future days."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

" 'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show  
 " (Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)  
 " That we should fame to these mere vocals give;  
 " Pope more than we can offer should receive:  
 " For when some gliding river is his theme,  
 " His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream,"  
 etc.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. *In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural families, wonderfully short and thick sown.*"

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this Poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion." Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but *himself*; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

Mr. DENNIS and Mr. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the forecited Character,

Character, p. 5.), do in concert confess, "That some  
 " men of good *understanding* value him for his rhymes."  
 And (p. 17.) "that he has got, like Mr. Bays in the  
 " Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable  
 " knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

" Auspicious bard ! while all admire thy strain,  
 " All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain ;  
 " I, whom no bribe to servile flatt'ry drew,  
 " Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :  
 " Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,  
 " Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear."  
*etc.*

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED.

thus wrote to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay : " I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner." *etc. etc., etc.*

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate Enemies ; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *inftar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad ! " A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the *approbation*  
 " this

" this Essay meets with.—I can safely affirm, that I  
 " never attacked any of these writings, unless they  
 " had *success* infinitely beyond their merit. This,  
 " though an empty, has been a *popular* scribbler. The  
 " epidemic madness of the times has given him *repu-*  
 " *tation*.—If, after the cruel treatment of so many  
 " extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben  
 " Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have  
 " received from this country, for these last hundred  
 " years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that  
 " penury changed at once to riot and profuseness;  
 " and more squandered away upon *one object*, than  
 " would have satisfied the greater part of those extra-  
 " ordinary men; the reader to whom this one crea-  
 " ture should be unknown, would fancy him a pro-  
 " digy of art and nature, would believe that all the  
 " great qualities of these persons were centered in  
 " him alone. But if I should venture to assure him,  
 " that the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND had made such a  
 " choice—the reader would either believe me a *mal-*  
 " *cious enemy* and *slanderer*; or that the reign of the  
 " last (Queen Anne's) *Ministry* was designed by fate  
 " to encourage *Fools*."

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any  
 Place, Pension, or Gratuity, in any shape, from the  
 said glorious Queen, or any of her Ministers. All he  
 owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was  
 a subscription for his Homer, of 200 *l.* from King  
 George I. and 100 *l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author's success was  
 constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain  
 works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although  
 owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer.  
 Of this sort Mr. DENNIS ascribes to him *two Farcies*,  
 whose names he does not tell, but assures them that  
*there is not one jest in them*: And an imitation of Ho-  
 race, whose title he does not mention, but assures us *it*  
*is much more execrable than all his works*. The DAILY  
 JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, " He is below  
 " Tom Dufey in the Drama, because (as that writer  
 " thinks

"thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and the "Boarding School, are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P.'s but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, "That he was writing a *play* of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. "Andrew Tripe;" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. THEOBALD assures us, in *Mist* of the 27th of April. "That the treatise of the *Profound* "is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of "it." The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion; and says,—"the whole, or the greatest part, of "the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in *Mist* of June 8, "That his own "Plays and Farces would better have adorned the "Dunciad, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had "neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy." Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's Play abused, was an infallible proof the Play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man "judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true "mother of the child?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any Candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any Modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of Boldness and Madness to a prodigy: If he took assistants in another, it was complained of,  
and

and represented as a great injury to the Public. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: If it resembled any of his styles, then it was evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most Commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their Author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very Enemies would affirm, That his Capacity was boundless, as well as his Imagination; that he was a perfect master of all Styles, and all Arguments; and that there was in those times no other Writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

*Works, Vol. III. p. xvii.*

#### VISION (THE MOUNT OF).

ASCEND this hill, whose cloudy point commands  
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.  
See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,  
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line.

(Earth's

(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,  
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun  
And orient Science their bright course begun:  
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,  
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;  
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,  
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;  
There rival flames with equal glory rise,  
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,  
And lick up all their Physic of the Soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,  
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall;  
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies  
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!

Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows  
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,  
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,  
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!

See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame  
Of Genferic! and Attila's dread name!

See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;

See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!

See where the morning gilds the palmy shore  
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)

His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,  
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.

See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,  
And all the Western world believe and sleep.

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more  
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;

Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,

And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.

Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,

And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.

See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,

Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods:

Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,

And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn;

See

See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,  
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,  
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,  
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linscy-wolfey brothers,  
Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.  
That one was Britain—Happy! had she seen  
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.  
In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;  
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!  
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age  
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,  
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;  
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,  
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.  
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!  
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!  
See all her progeny, illustrious fight!  
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.  
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye  
In homage to the Mother of the sky,  
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,  
An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:  
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,  
Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round;  
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,  
Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,  
And thrusts his person full into your face.  
With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!  
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,  
And modest as the maid that sips alone;  
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,  
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.  
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,  
And answ'ring gin-shops sower sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;  
Nor less revere him, blunderbus of Law.

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town;  
 Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funeral Frown.  
 Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,  
 A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.  
 Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,  
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:  
 Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name,  
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.  
 Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,  
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:  
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,  
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;  
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,  
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
 And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,  
 Let all give way, and Morris may be read.

Flow, Wellsted, flow, like thine inspirer, Beer;  
 Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;  
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;  
 Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill starr'd rage  
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?  
 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,  
 But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!  
 Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.

Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;  
 How like in manners, and how like in mind!  
 Equal in wit, and equally polite,

Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;  
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,  
 That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

"But who is he, in closet closely-pent,  
 "Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"  
 Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,  
 On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.  
 To future ages may thy dulness last,  
 As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

There,

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,  
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark;  
A Lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,  
For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each Science lifts its modern type,  
Hitt'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,  
While proud Philosophy repines to show,  
Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below;  
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,  
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.  
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!  
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!  
Still breaks the benches, Henley! with thy strain,  
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.  
Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage,  
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!  
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wife abodes,  
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!  
But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,  
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;  
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,  
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:  
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)  
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,  
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:  
But oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,  
The Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense.  
Content, each Emanation of his fires  
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,  
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,  
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.  
Perfist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,  
But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole  
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul:  
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:  
See now, what Dulness and her Sons admire!  
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart  
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.

His

His never blushing-head he turn'd aside,  
 (Not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd)  
 And look'd, and saw a fable Sorcerer rise,  
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:  
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare,  
 And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.  
 Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth:  
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,  
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,  
 Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,  
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:  
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,  
 And other planets circle other suns.  
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,  
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;  
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,  
 Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;  
 What pow'r, he cries; what pow'r these wonders  
 wrought?

Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find  
 Each Monster meets his likeness in thy mind.  
 Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,  
 Whose sarfenet skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,  
 A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controuls,  
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.  
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round  
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:  
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,  
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.  
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease  
 'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;  
 And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo! to dark encounter in mid air  
 New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!  
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,  
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.

Dire

Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,  
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;  
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,  
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?  
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.  
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,  
 Foreseen by me; but ah! withheld from mine.  
 In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd  
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;  
 Tho' my own Aldermen confer'd the bays,  
 To me committing their eternal Praise,  
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,  
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:  
 Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,  
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes:  
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!  
 Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.  
 Avert it, heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er  
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!  
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,  
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,  
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,  
 And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.  
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,  
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on.  
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,  
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.  
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,  
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last,  
 Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,  
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.  
 Already Opera prepares the way,  
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway;  
 Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,  
 The third mad passion of thy doating age.  
 Teach thou the warbling Polyphème to roar,  
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!  
 To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou canst not bend,  
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:

Pluto

Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,  
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.  
 Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,  
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.  
 Another Æschylus appears! prepare  
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!  
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,  
 While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now Bavius take the Poppy from thy brow,  
 And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!

This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:  
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.  
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;  
 See! the dull stars roll round, and re-appear.  
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!  
 Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of Plays!  
 On Poets' Tombs see Benson's titles writ!  
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is prefer'd for Wit!  
 See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,  
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:  
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,  
 Gay dies unpenion'd with a hundred friends,  
 Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;  
 And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the shore,  
 Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,  
 Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play,  
 Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,  
 Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,  
 And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in Port!

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;  
 And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies.

*Works, Vol. III. p. 159.*

#### VERSIFICATION (ON ENGLISH).

O<sup>B</sup>. 22, 1706.

AFTER the thoughts I have already sent you on  
 the subject of English Versification, you desire my  
 opinion

opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which, tho' not much observed even by correct versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good Poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as Words, to the thing he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a Style of Sound. As in describing a gliding stream, the numbers should run easy and flowing; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling; and so of the rest. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where else, that I know of, to any observable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Vida*.

*Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.*

*Incedit tardo molimine subfidendo.*

*Lucentes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.*

*Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.*

*Telum imbelle sine ictu, conjecit.*

*Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, Pastor.*

*Ferte citi flammæ, date tela, repellite pestem.*

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader: We have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day, intitled *Alexander's Feast*.

2. Every nice ear must (I believe) have observ'd, that in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a *Pause* at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the ear rests, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of versification. For example,

At the fifth.

*Where'er thy navy | spreads her canvass wings,*

At the fourth.

*Homage to thee | and peace to all she brings.*

At the sixth.

*Like tracks of leverets | in morning snow.*

Now

Now I fancy, that, to preserve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pause at the 4th or 6th should not be continued above three lines together, without the interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at least it does mine: That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much, tho' it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to Expletives, whether words or syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy: *Do* before verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of rhyme. The same cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *you* and *thou* to the same person, which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would also object to the interruption of Alexandrine verses, of twelve syllables, which, I think, should never be allow'd but when some remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty: Mr. Dryden has been too free of these, especially in his latter works. I am of the same opinion as to Triple Rhimes.

5. I could equally object to the Repetition of the same Rhimes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the ear thro' their Monotony.

6. Monosyllable Lines, unless very artfully managed, are stiff, or languishing: but may be beautiful to express Melancholy, Slowness, or Labour.

7. To come to the Hiatus, or Gap between two words, which is caus'd by two vowels opening on each other (upon which you desire me to be particular); I think the rule in this case is either to use the Cæsura, or admit the Hiatus, just as the ear is least shock'd by either: for the Cæsura sometimes offends the ear more than the Hiatus itself, and our language is naturally overcharg'd with consonants: As for example; if in this verse,

*The old have Int'rest ever in their eye,  
 we should say, to avoid the Hiatus,  
 But th' old have int'rest.*

The Hiatus which has the worst effect, is when one word ends with the same vowel that begins the following; and next to this, those vowels whose sounds come nearest each other, are most to be avoided, O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful sound than E, I, or Y. I know, some people will think these Observations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by some great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetorick to Herennius, are these words: *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quae vastam atque hinc ntem reddunt orationem; ut hoc est, Baccae aeneae amoenissimae impendebant.* And Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concursus cum accidit, biat et interfistit, et quasi laborat oratio. Pessime longae quae eisdem inter se literas committunt, sonabunt: praecipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quae cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur. E plenior litera est, I angustior.* But he goes on to reprove the excess on the other hand of being too solicitous in this matter, and says admirably; *Nescio an negligentia in hoc, aut sollicitudo sit peior.* So likewise Tully (*Orat. ad Brut.*): *Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etsi idem magister ejus Socrates:* which last author, as Turnebus on Quintilian observes, has hardly one Hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and Demosthenes did not much observe this nicety, though Tully himself says in his Orator, *Crebra ista vocum concursio, quam magna ex parte vitiosam, fugit Demosthenes.* If I am not mistaken, Malherbe of all the moderns has been the most scrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his observations upon him says, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the Hiatus should be avoided with more care in poetry than in Oratory; and I would constantly try to prevent it, unless where  
 the

the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the sound than the Hiatus itself.

I am, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 49.*

### WOUND OF MARS.

HENCE, goddess! heedful of thy high commands,  
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands;  
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,  
With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

Then thus Minerva: Brave Tydides hear!  
Not Mars himself nor aught immortal fear.  
Full on the god impel thy foaming horse:  
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends the force:  
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,  
And ev'ry side of wav'ring combat tries;  
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;  
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,  
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.  
The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends,  
Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends.  
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;  
So great a hero, and so great a god.  
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,  
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse;  
But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread  
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.  
Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,  
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;  
The god who slew him leaves his prostrate prize  
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.  
Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear  
The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war!  
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,  
From Mars his arm th' enormous weapon fled:

L 2

Pallas

Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,  
 Far from the car, the strong immortal lance;  
 Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;  
 The jav'lin hiss'd; the goddess urg'd it on;  
 Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,  
 It pierc'd the god: his groin receiv'd the wound.  
 From the rent skin the warrior tugs again  
 The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain;  
 Loud as the roar encount'ring armies yield,  
 When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field.  
 Both armies start, and, trembling, gaze around;  
 And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.  
 As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,  
 Pregnant with plagues and shedding seeds of death,  
 Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,  
 Choak the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;  
 In such a cloud the god from combat driv'n,  
 High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.  
 Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,  
 There sullen sat beneath the fire of gods,  
 Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan  
 Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:  
 Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,  
 And brook the furies of this daring day?  
 For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage,  
 And gods on gods exert eternal rage.  
 From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,  
 And thy sell daughter with the shield and spear:  
 Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,  
 Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.  
 All heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,  
 Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:  
 'Tis hers t'offend, and ev'n offending share  
 Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:  
 So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,  
 Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.  
 Now frantic Diomed, at her command,  
 Against th' immortals lifts his raging hand:  
 The heav'nly Venus first his fury found;  
 Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound:

Vanquish'd

Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I, the god of fight,  
 From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.  
 Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,  
 Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!  
 Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lye,  
 Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look  
 The Lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.  
 To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?  
 Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?  
 Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,  
 Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!  
 Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,  
 The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.  
 No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells,  
 And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.  
 In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use;  
 She gives th' example, and her son pursues.  
 Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,  
 Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heav'nly born;  
 Else, sing'd with lightning, hadst thou hence been  
 thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.

Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;  
 Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god.  
 With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,  
 And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.  
 As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,  
 To curds coagulates the liquid stream,  
 Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;  
 Such, and so soon, th' æthereal texture join'd.  
 Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe drest  
 His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.  
 Glorious he sat, in majesty restor'd,  
 Fast by the throne of heav'n's superior lord.  
 Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes,  
 Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

*Iliad, b. v. l. 1016.*

## WOMEN (THEIR CHARACTERS).

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,  
 "Most Women have no Characters at all."  
 Matters too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.  
 How many pictures of one nymph we view,  
 All how unlike each other, all how true!  
 Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,  
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.  
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,  
 And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.  
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry,  
 In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,  
 Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,  
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;  
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,  
 If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!  
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;  
 Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it  
 Catch, ere she change, the Cythia of this minute.  
 Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,  
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,  
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,  
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;  
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,  
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening Mask:  
 So morning Insects that in muck begun,  
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blown in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;  
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.  
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;  
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.  
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,  
 But spare your censure: Silia does not drink.  
 All eyes may see from what the change arose,  
 All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia,

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,  
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a Park!"  
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees  
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show,  
'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;  
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,  
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.  
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,  
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;  
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,  
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise;  
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,  
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;  
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,  
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,  
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;  
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's prayer,  
And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;  
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,  
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.  
Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,  
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?  
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?  
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:  
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,  
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres;  
Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;  
And Atheism and Religion take their turns;  
A very Heathen in the carnal part,  
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in State, majestically drunk;  
Proud as a Peeress, prouder as a Punk;  
Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside;  
A teeming mistress, but a barren Bride.  
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,  
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought;  
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit  
She sins with Poets thro' pure love of Wit.

What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?  
 Caesar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.  
 As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,  
 The nose of Haut-gout, and the Tip of Taste,  
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,  
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:  
 So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind  
 On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,  
 Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once,  
 And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray;  
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;  
 Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give  
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."  
 Then all for Death, that Oplate of the soul!  
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.  
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?  
 A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.  
 Wise Wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;  
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;  
 With too much Quickness ever to be taught;  
 With too much thinking to have common Thought;  
 You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,  
 And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,  
 No Afs so meek, no Afs so obstinate.  
 Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,  
 Because she's honest, and the best of Friends.  
 Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,  
 For ever in a Passion, or a Pray'r.  
 Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)  
 Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"  
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears  
 Of Mirth and Opium, Ratifie and Tears,  
 The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,  
 To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought,  
 Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;  
 For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.  
 But what are these to great Atossa's mind?  
 Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!

Who,

When with herself, or others, from her birth  
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth :  
 Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,  
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.  
 No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain  
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.  
 Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,  
 The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.  
 From loveless youth to unrespected age,  
 No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage,  
 So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,  
 The Pleasure mis'd her, and the Scandal hit.  
 Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,  
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well.  
 Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,  
 No more a storm her Hate than Gratitude;  
 To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;  
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:  
 Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curse!  
 But an Inferior not dependant? worse.  
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;  
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:  
 But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust  
 And Temple rise—then fall again to dust.  
 Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;  
 A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.  
 Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,  
 By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,  
 By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one distress  
 Sick of herself, thro' very selfishness!  
 Atossa, curs'd with every granted pray'r,  
 Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir.  
 To Heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,  
 Or wanders, Heav'n directed, to the Poor.  
 Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,  
 Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;  
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,  
 Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:  
 For how should equal Colours do the knack?  
 Cameleons who can paint in white and black?

" Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.  
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.  
 " With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,  
 " Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart.  
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,  
 But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.  
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,  
 Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.  
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd,  
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.  
 She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,  
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;  
 And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,  
 Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.  
 Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt  
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.  
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;  
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.  
 Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,  
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.  
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?  
 She bids her Footman put it in her head.  
 Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?  
 'Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.  
 One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,  
 Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen*  
 THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all  
 With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.  
 Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,  
 And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.  
 'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,  
 To draw the naked is your true delight.  
 That Robe of Quality for struts and swells,  
 None see what Parts of Nature it conceals:  
 Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,  
 We owe to models of an humble kind.  
 If *QUEENSBERRY* to strip there's no compelling,  
 'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.  
 From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing  
 To draw the man who loves his God, or King:

Alas

# THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)  
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale;

But grant, in Public, Men sometimes are shown;  
A Woman's seen in Private Life alone:  
Our bolder Talents in full light display'd;  
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.

Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide;  
There, none distinguish'd twixt your Shame or Pride,  
Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice,  
That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men we various ruling Passions find;  
In Women, two almost divide the kind;  
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,  
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.

That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught  
Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?  
Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,  
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take;  
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:  
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;  
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!  
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:  
In Youth they conquer with so wild a rage,  
As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:  
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;  
No thought of peace or happiness at home.  
But Wisdom's triumph is well tim'd Retreat,  
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!

Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,  
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone.  
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,  
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children Birds, pursue,  
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;  
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,  
To covet flying, and regret when lost:  
At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend,  
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;

Asham'd to own they gave delight before,  
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :  
 As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,  
 So these their merry, miserable Night ;  
 Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,  
 And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards !  
 A youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards ;  
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,  
 Young without Lovers, old without a Friend ;  
 A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,  
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot !

Ah ! Friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;  
 To raise the thought, and touch the Heart be thine !  
 That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,  
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :  
 So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,  
 All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,  
 Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,  
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh ! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray  
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;  
 She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear  
 Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear ;  
 She who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,  
 Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules ;  
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;  
 Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will ;  
 Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille ;  
 Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,  
 And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,  
 Woman's at best a Contradiction still.  
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can  
 Its last best work, but forms a softer Man ;  
 Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,  
 Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest ;  
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,  
 Your taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools :

Reserve

Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,  
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;  
 Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;  
 Shakes all together, and produces—You.

Be this a Woman's Fame; with this unblest,  
 Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.  
 This Phœbus promis'd (I forgot the year)  
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;  
 Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,  
 Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r;  
 And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf  
 That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itself.  
 The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,  
 And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,  
 Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,  
 To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 123.*

#### WEeping.

WHILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,  
 Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes;  
 The Sun, next those the fairest light,  
 Thus from the Ocean first did rise:  
 And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun,  
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,  
 Foretell the fervour of the day:  
 So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,  
 And blasting lightnings burst away.  
 The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,  
 Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere  
 So like a Phaëton appears,  
 That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare,  
 Thought fit to drown him in her Tears:  
 Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,  
 To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 3.*

## WINDSOR FOREST.

THE Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,  
 Live in description, and look green in song:  
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,  
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.  
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,  
 Here earth and water seem to strive again;  
 Not Chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,  
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:  
 Where order in variety we see,  
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.  
 Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,  
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;  
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address  
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.  
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,  
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.  
 Here in full light the russet plains extend:  
 There, wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.  
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,  
 And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,  
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,  
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.  
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we  
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,  
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,  
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.  
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,  
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,  
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,  
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.  
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,  
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,  
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,  
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;  
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,  
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 39.*

## WINDSOR HEROES.

OH would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,  
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,  
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains  
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!  
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,  
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,  
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,  
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield:  
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,  
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,  
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,  
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,  
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.  
 Here, o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,  
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:  
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,  
 From old Belerium to the northern main,  
 The grave unites; where e'en the Great find rest,  
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,  
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone)  
 Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed,  
 Heav'n's, what new wounds! and how her old have  
 bled!

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,  
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,  
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,  
 Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.  
 At length great ANNA said,—“Let Discord cease!”  
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!

*Works, Vol. I. p. 51.*

## WINDSOR SWAINS.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,  
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:  
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,  
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;  
Let vernal airs through trembling oifers play,  
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,  
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,  
And carrying with you all the world can boast,  
To all the world illustriously are lost!  
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,  
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:  
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,  
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,  
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,  
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off their nightly dews,  
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,  
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,  
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:  
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,  
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

## DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,  
With joyous music wake the dawning day!  
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,  
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?  
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,  
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

## STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,  
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.  
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;  
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.  
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,  
And from the brink his playful shade surveys.

## DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,  
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :  
 Four figures rising from the work appear,  
 The various seasons of the rolling year ;  
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,  
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,  
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,  
 Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground ;  
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,  
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays !  
 A milk-white Bull shall at your altars stand,  
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.]

DAPHNIS.

O Love ! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,  
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes :  
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,  
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,  
 Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;  
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,  
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,  
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;  
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,  
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes !

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,  
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po ;  
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,  
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves ;  
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves,  
 If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,  
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,  
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;  
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,  
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,  
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;  
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,  
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,  
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,  
 But Delia always ; absent from her sight,  
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,  
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day ;  
 E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here ;  
 But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,  
 A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears :  
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,  
 And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields  
 The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields :  
 And then a nobler prize I will resign ;  
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree  
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee :

Blest

Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;  
 Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!  
 Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,  
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;  
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,  
 While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.  
 For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,  
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 9.*

## WIZARD'S CUP.

WITH that, a WIZARD old his Cup extends;  
 Which whose tastes, forgets his former friends,  
 Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes  
 Up to a Star, and like Endymion dies;  
 A Feather, shooting from another's head,  
 Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;  
 Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;  
 And nothing left but Homage to a King!  
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,  
 To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;  
 But, sad example! never to escape  
 Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.

*Works, Vol. III. p. 232.*

## WOUND OF VENUS.

TO guard his slaughter'd friend Æneas flies,  
 His spear extending where the carcase lies;  
 Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,  
 As the grim lion stalks around his prey.  
 O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,  
 He hides the hero with his mighty shade,  
 And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes  
 Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.  
 Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields  
 Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.  
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,  
 Such men as live in these degenerate days.

He

He swung it round ; and gath'ring strength to throw,  
 Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.  
 Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,  
 Full on the bone the pointed marble lights ;  
 Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged stone,  
 And tripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.  
 Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,  
 His falling bulk his bended arm sustains ;  
 Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies ;  
 A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.  
 There the brave chief, who mighty numbers sway'd,  
 Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade ;  
 But heav'nly Venus, mindful of the love  
 She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove,  
 His danger views with anguish and despair,  
 And guards her offspring with a mother's care.  
 About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,  
 Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows ;  
 Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,  
 The swords wave harmless, and the jav'lines fail :  
 Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight  
 Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,  
 Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands ;  
 His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,  
 He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.  
 Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains  
 The heav'nly courfers with the flowing manes :  
 These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,  
 No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.  
 That charge to bold Deipylus he gave,  
 (Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave),  
 Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein,  
 And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Mean while (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)  
 The raging chief in chace of Venus flies :  
 No goddess she commission'd to the field,  
 Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,  
 Or fierce Bellona thund'ring at the wall,  
 While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall ;

He

He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,  
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.  
Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends,  
And at the goddess his broad lance extends;  
Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,  
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove;  
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,  
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.  
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,  
Such stream as issues from a wounded god:  
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;  
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:  
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,  
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins).  
With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,  
And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.  
Him Phœbus took: he casts a cloud around  
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,  
The king insults the goddess as she flies.  
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,  
The field of combat is no scene for thee:  
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,  
Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.  
Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,  
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydides thus. The goddess, seiz'd with dread,  
Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled.  
To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,  
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.  
The queen of love with faded charms she found,  
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.  
To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way;  
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;  
Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,  
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.  
Low at his knee she begg'd, with streaming eyes,  
Her brother's car to mount the distant skies,  
And shew'd the wound by fierce Tydides giv'n,  
A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.

Stern

Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,  
 And to her hand commits the golden rein;  
 She mounts the seat oppress'd with silent woe,  
 Driv'n by the goddess of the painted bow.  
 The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,  
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies.  
 There stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,  
 Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food;  
 Before her mother Love's bright queen appears,  
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears;  
 She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,  
 And ask'd, what god had wrought this guilty deed?

Then she: This insult from no god I found,  
 An impious mortal gave the daring wound!  
 Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!  
 'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.  
 The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage;  
 But with the gods (th' immortal gods) engage.

Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,  
 And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share:  
 Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,  
 And men with woes afflict the gods again.  
 The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,  
 And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,  
 Full thirteen moons in prison roar'd in vain;  
 Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:  
 Perhaps had perish'd; had not Hermes' care  
 Restor'd the groaning god to upper air.  
 Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,  
 Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign;  
 Amphytrion's son infix'd the deadly dart,  
 And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.  
 Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' pow'r confess,  
 The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;  
 To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,  
 Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;  
 Where Pæon sprinkling heav'nly balm around,  
 Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.  
 Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes,  
 And drench his arrows in the blood of gods!

But

But thou (tho' Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)  
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed,  
 Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends,  
 Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;  
 From fields of death when late he shall retire,  
 No infant on his knees shall call him fire,  
 Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found,  
 To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground;  
 Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,  
 Starting from sleep with a distracted air,  
 Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,  
 The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!  
 This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded palm  
 The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.

*Iliad, b. v. l. 361.*

#### WRESTLING.

THE third bold game Achilles next demands,  
 And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:  
 A massy tripod for the victor lies,  
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price;  
 And next, the loser's spirits to restore,  
 A female captive, valu'd but at four.  
 Scarce did the chief the vig'rous strife propose,  
 When tow'r-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.  
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,  
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands:  
 Close-lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;  
 Below, their planted feet, at distance fixt:  
 Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,  
 Proof to the wintry wind and howling storms,  
 Their tops connected, but at wider space,  
 Fixt on their centre stands their solid base.  
 Now to the grasp each manly body bends;  
 The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends;  
 Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders,  
 thighs,  
 Swell to each gripe, in bloody tumours rise.

Not

Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,  
 O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;  
 Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow  
 The watchful caution of his artful foe.  
 While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,  
 Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon,  
 Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:  
 Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.

He said; and straining heav'd him off the ground  
 With matchless strength: that time Ulysses found  
 The strength t'evade, and where the nerves combine  
 His ancle strook; the giant fell supine;  
 Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;  
 Shouts of applause run ratt'ling thro' the skies:  
 Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,  
 He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:  
 His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd;  
 And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.  
 Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,  
 Still breathing strife and unsubdu'd of soul:  
 Again they rage, again to combat rise;  
 When great Achilles thus divides the prize.

Your noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain;  
 Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain.  
 Ye both have won; let others who excel,  
 Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,  
 From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,  
 And, cloth'd anew, the following game survey.

*Iliad, b. xxiii. l. 814.*

#### WIT.

TRUE Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;  
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;  
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,  
 That gives us back the image of our mind.  
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,  
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

For

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,  
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 85.*

## WHAT AND WHY.

WHAT made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron !)  
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?  
A perjur'd Prince a leaden saint revere,  
A godless Regent tremble at a Star ?  
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,  
Faithless thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit ?  
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,  
And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same :  
In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game ;  
A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found,  
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,  
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,  
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew,  
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.  
Behold ! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,  
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns :  
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,  
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State :  
The same adust complexion has impell'd  
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always Actions shew the man ; we find  
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind :  
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,  
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East ;  
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,  
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :  
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,  
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :  
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,  
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;  
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.

The few that glare, each character must mark,  
 You balance not the many in the dark.  
 What will you do with such as disagree?  
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy?  
 Must then at once (the character to save)  
 The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?  
 Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,  
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd,  
 Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?  
 Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.  
 Why risk the World's great empire for a Punk?  
 Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.  
 But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove  
 One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 116.*

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WYCHERLEY'S DEATH.

I KNOW of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comick poet, and our friend, Wycherly. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despair'd of: Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and join'd together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for if you observe, Matrimony is placed after Extreme Unction in our Catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfy'd in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroick resentment of the ill usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither  
 much

much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour; Mr. Wycherley shew'd his, even in this last compliment; tho' I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments; at least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be apply'd to him as a play-wright,

*Servetur ad imum*

*Qualis ab inceptu processerit, et sibi constet.*

*Works, Vol. V. p. 270.*

I am, etc.

# WORKS (GOOD).

*Dec. 28, 1724.*

IT is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not: the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old fashion'd, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wish'd people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes,

merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hoop'd petticoats (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins).

They tell me that at Colleshill certain antiquated charities, and obsolete devotions, are yet subsisting: that a thing called Christian chearfulness (not incompatible with Christmas pyes and plumb-broth), whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women, and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

Your affectionate, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 315.*

#### WEALTH.

BLEST paper-credit! last and best supply!  
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!  
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,  
 Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;  
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,  
 Or ship off Senates to some distant Shore;  
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro  
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:  
Pregnant

Pregnant with thousand flits the Scrap unseen,  
And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,  
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villany!  
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs  
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?  
What could they more than Knights and 'Squires  
confound,

Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?  
A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!  
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;  
"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:  
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;  
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.  
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;  
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,  
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,  
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.  
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,  
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?  
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,  
With spurning heels and with a butting head.  
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,  
Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.  
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,  
Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep?  
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,  
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?  
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,  
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!  
Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall,  
What say you? B. Say? Why, take it gold and all.

P. What Riches give us, let us then inquire:  
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,  
Cloaths, and Fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?  
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.  
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)  
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last:

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;  
 To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears?  
 Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,  
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;  
 Or heal, old Narfes, thy obscener ail,  
 With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?  
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)  
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a Friend;  
 Or find some Doctor that would save the life  
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife:  
 But thousands die, without or this or that,  
 Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.  
 To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,  
 T' enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.

*Works, Vol. II. p. 143.*

#### WRITING (RONDEAUS.)

'TIS very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the persons they love have nothing to do but to please them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my case, when I wonder'd I did not hear from you; but I no sooner receiv'd your short letter, but I forgot your long silence: and so many fine things as you said of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own sickness, if it had not been of the nature of that which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. 'Twas impossible you could have better tim'd your compliment on my philosophy; it was certainly properest to commend me for it just when I most needed it; and when I could least be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. 'Tis not easy to express what an exaltation it gave to my spirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and 'tis no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were sweeter than the sweetest of his juleps and syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

*Pour*

*Pour le moins, votre compliment  
M'a soulagé dans ce moment ;  
Et dès qu'on me l'est venu faire  
J'ai chassé mon apoticaire,  
Et renvoyé mon lavement.*

Nevertheless, I would not have you entirely lay aside the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do those of the probability of my becoming (ere long) the subject of one. For death has of late been very familiar with some of my size; I am told, my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and tho' I may now, without vanity, esteem myself the least thing like a man in England, yet I can't but be sorry, two heroes of such a make should die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of Cranes, or other warlike animals, those ancient enemies to our Pygmæan ancestors! You of a superior species little regard what befalls us *homunciones sesquipedales*, however, you have no reason to be so unconcern'd, since all physicians agree there is no greater sign of a plague among men, than a mortality among frogs. I was the other day in company with a lady, who rally'd my person so much, as to cause a total subversion of my countenance: some days after, to be revenged on her, I presented her, among other company, the following Rondeau on that occasion, which I desire you to show Sappho.

*You know where you did despise  
(T'other day) my little eyes,  
Little legs, and little thighs,  
And some things of little size,*

*You know where.*

*You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes,  
Taper legs, and tempting thighs,  
Yet what more than all we prize  
Is a thing of little size,*

*You know where.*

This sort of writing call'd the Rondeau is what I never knew practis'd in our nation, and, I verily believe, it was not in use with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the least notice of it. 'Tis to be observ'd, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it round O, is a manifest corruption, and by no means to be allowed of by criticks. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a sort of Rondeau which the Gallick soldiers sung in Cæsar's triumph over Gaul—*Gallias Cæsar subegit*, etc. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and so derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the laws of the Rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will say, that the song of the soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of Poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither Heinsius nor I can be of that opinion; and so I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found by experience, that you most easily forgive my impertinencies. 'Tis only to show you that I am mindful of you at all times; that I write at all times; and as nothing I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull. I am, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 79.*

#### WATCH AT NIGHT.

YE valiant Trojans, with attention hear!  
 Ye Dardan bands, and gen'rous aids give ear!  
 This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conqu'ring flame  
 Greece with her ships, and crown her toils with fame;  
 But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,  
 And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.

Obey

Obeys the night, and use her peaceful hours  
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our pow'rs.  
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,  
And strength'ning bread, and gen'rous wine be brought.  
Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,  
Let num'rous fires the absent sun supply,  
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,  
Till the bright morn her purple beams displays;  
Left in the silence and the shades of night,  
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.  
Not unmolested let the wretches gain  
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;  
Some hostile wound let ev'ry dart bestow,  
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe;  
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses care,  
And warn their children from a Trojan war.  
Now thro' the circuit of our Ilion wall,  
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;  
To bid the fires with hoary honours crown'd,  
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.  
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our pow'rs,  
And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs:  
Left under covert of the midnight shade,  
Th' insidious foe the naked town invade.  
Suffice, to night, these orders to obey;  
A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.  
The gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,  
From these detested foes to free the land,  
Who plow'd with fates averse, the wat'ry way,  
For Trojan vultures a predestin'd prey.  
Our common safety must be now the care;  
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,  
Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,  
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage.  
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove  
Whose fates are heaviest in the scale of Jove.  
To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)  
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph born,  
With this keen jav'lin shall his breast be gor'd,  
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.

Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,  
 From age inglorious, and black death secure;  
 So might my life and glory know no bound,  
 Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd!  
 As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,  
 Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.

The leader spoke. From all his host around  
 Shouts of applause along the shores resound.  
 Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd,  
 And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.  
 Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,  
 With gen'rous wine, and all-sustaining bread.  
 Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;  
 The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore.  
 Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!  
 Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan tow'rs;  
 Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;  
 Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round,  
 And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.  
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!  
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;  
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
 And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;  
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 A flood of glory burst from all the skies:  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.  
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,  
 And lighten glimm'ring Xanthus with their rays:  
 The long reflection of the distant fires  
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.  
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.  
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
 Whose number'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.

Loud

Loud neigh the courfers o'er their heaps of corn,  
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

*Iliad, b. viii. l. 621.*

## WINTER INVITATION.

THE same reason that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed, since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve), I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house; we and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb that says (I think very prettily), "The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a splendor still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical sense, that is, all those of your family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintry months together (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honest heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and false splendors, of an Assembly of empty heads, aching hearts, and false faces). This is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some new faces about town of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I

assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you. Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful servant.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 308.*

#### WRITERS (PASTORAL.)

THEOCRITUS excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them; which the Greek was a stranger to. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy,

in

in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil, Not but, that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example)

example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 6.*

1. I designed to have troubled the reader with no further discourses of Pastoral; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in Observations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that Gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral formed upon the Representation of Innocence; it is therefore plain that any deviations from that design degrade a Poem from being truly pastoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be such: his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent: Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder: As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius, Salmasius, Rapin, and the Criticks in general. They likewise observe that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons above mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken all together, are rather select Poems than Pastorals; I might have said the same thing

thing with no less truth of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the Criticks, viz. That they never meant them all for pastorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristick of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a style; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English: For example, might he not have said *quos* instead of *cui*; *quosiam* for *cujam*; *vult* for *vult*, etc. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whilsome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *wistless* for *simple lambs*, etc. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus as Philips hath of Spenser?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country: His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: Whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbino, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

5. So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it), yet it requires great reading both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated *some single thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University education), but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and  
method

method which Mr. Philips observes, whose *whole* third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our own country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment described Wolves in England in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular Season of the year, one certain Time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each Eclogue. 'Tis plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November mentions the mournful Song of the Nightingale,

*Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.*

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, endives, lilies, king-cups, and daffodils, blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two cotemporary Pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage.

With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately?

Hobb. *Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee  
What pleasure can the country have for me?  
Come, Rosalind, O come; my brindled kine,  
My snowy sheep, my farm and all, is thine.*

Lanq. *Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,  
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers.  
'Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay;  
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.*

*Our*

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry :

Streph. *In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,  
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,  
But Delia always ; forc'd from Delia's sight,  
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.*

Daph. *Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,  
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day ;  
Ew'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,  
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year.*

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses :

Hobb. *As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,  
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye :  
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd  
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.*

Lanq. *As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,  
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay :  
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly ;  
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eyes.*

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows :

Streph. *Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,  
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;  
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,  
And by that laugh the willing Fair is found.*

Daph. *The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,  
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;  
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,  
How much at variance are her feet and eyes !*

There is nothing the writers of this kind of Poetry are fonder of than descriptions of pastoral Presents. Philips says thus of a Sheep-hook,

*Of season'd elm ; where studs of brass appear,  
To speak the giver's name, the month and year ;  
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,  
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.*

The

The other of a bowl embossed with figures:

*— where wanton ivy twines,  
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;  
Four figures rising from the work appear,  
The various seasons of the rolling year;  
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,  
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?*

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil: but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed his thoughts in his Doric?

*And what that light, which girds the welkin seen,  
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?*

If the reader will indulge his curiosity any further, in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, That beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted:

*O woful day! O day of woe! quoth he,  
And woful I, who live the day to see!*

The simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words in this Dirge (to make use of our author's expression), are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals, a shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

*Ab me the while! ab me! the luckless day,  
Ab luckless lad! the rather might I say;  
Ab silly I! more silly than my sheep,  
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.*

How

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them, without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels: For example:

- A rolling-stone is ever bare of moss;*  
*And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross,*  
 — *He that late lies down, as late will rise,*  
*And, sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies.*  
 — *Against ill-luck all cunning foresight fails;*  
*Whether we sleep or wake, it naught avails.*  
 — *Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.*

Lastly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest-born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several Countries. Spenser seems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in Wales; where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner;

*Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:*  
*Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.*

Diggon answers:

*Hur was hur, while it was day-light:*  
*But now hur is a most wretched wight, etc.*

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, intitled, A Pastoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed as a further beauty of this Pastoral, the word Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I shall  
 make

make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking :

Cicily. *Rager, ga wetch tha Kee, or else tha Zun  
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.*

Roger. *Thou should'st not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee  
To dreve our Bull to bull the Parson's Kee.*

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of *Jealousy*; and his mentioning the Parson's Kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows :

Cicily. *Ab Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,  
When in yon Vield you kifs'd the Parson's maid:  
Is this the love that once to me you xed,  
When from the Wake thou brought'st me ginger-  
bread?*

Roger. *Cicily, thou charg'st me walse—I'll xwear to thee,  
Tha Parson's maid is still a maid for me.*

In which answer of his, are expressed at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the Golden age, so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the world :

*So Rager parted vor to wetch tha Kee,  
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.*

I am loth to show my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English Writers of Pastoral ; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips had hit into the same road with this old West Country Bard of ours,

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral writer ; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank ; and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (accord-  
ing

ing to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.

*Works, Vol. IV. p. 239.*

## THE WIFE OF BATH.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,  
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife !  
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,  
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.  
In all these trials I have borne a part,  
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart ;  
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led  
Five captive Husbands from the Church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,  
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days ;  
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,  
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,  
The words address'd to the Samaritan :  
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd ;  
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

" Encrease and multiply " was Heav'n's command,  
And that's a text I clearly understand.

This too, " Let men their fires and mothers leave,  
" And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."

More wives than one-by Solomon were try'd,  
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.

I've had myself full many a merry fit ;  
And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.

For when my transitory spouse, unkind,  
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,

I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,  
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.

There's danger in assembling fire and tow ;

I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.

The

The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,  
 No precept for Virginity he found:  
 'Tis but a counsel—and we women still  
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she  
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity;  
 Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice;  
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.  
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows  
 One proper gift, another grants to those:  
 Not ev'ry man's obliged to sell his store,  
 And give up all his substance to the poor;  
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;  
 But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,  
 Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man:  
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,  
 And let us honest wives eat barley bread.  
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,  
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n:  
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,  
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night.  
 His proper body is not his, but mine;  
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,  
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.  
 The three were old, but rich and fond beside,  
 And toil'd most pitiously to please their bride:  
 But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,  
 The rest, without much loss, I could resign.  
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,  
 Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold,  
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old.  
 If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,  
 And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives! give ear, and understand,  
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.  
 For never was it giv'n to mortal man,  
 To lie so boldly as we women can:

Forswear

Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,  
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)  
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?  
Treated, carefs'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—  
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?  
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?  
If I but see a cousin or a friend,  
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!  
But you reel home, a drunken beafully bear,  
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;  
Cry, Wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,  
And give up all that's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;  
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;  
If highly born, intolerably vain,  
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,  
Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic;  
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.  
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,  
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side:  
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,  
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,  
Or else she dances with becoming grace,  
Or shape excuses the defects of face.  
There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late,  
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou sayst) and asses men may try,  
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:  
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,  
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:  
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,  
And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,  
Your eyes must always languish on my face,  
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,  
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!  
If by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,  
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.

My

My garments always must be new and gay,  
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.  
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;  
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid,  
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;  
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:  
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?  
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,  
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.  
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,  
 I'd scorn your 'prentice should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?

Are not thy wordly goods and treasures mine?

Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by St. John,  
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.

One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—

I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.

If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,

"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:

"Take all the freedoms of a married life!

"I know thee for a virtuous faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care  
 How merrily soever others fare?

Tho' all the day I give and take delight,

Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.

'Tis but a just and rational desire,

To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array,  
 And none can long be modest that are gay.

The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,

The chimney keeps, and sits content within;

But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,

Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;

She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,

To shew her fur, and to be caterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires

These three right ancient venerable fires.

I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do,

I told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.

I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,  
And first complain'd, when'er the guilt was mine.  
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,  
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;  
And swore the rambles that I took by night,  
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.  
That colour brought me many hours of mirth:  
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.  
Heav'n gave to women the peculiar grace  
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.  
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,  
By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem and force,  
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,  
Or certain-lectures made a restless night.  
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,  
What; so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:  
I levied first a tax upon his need;  
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!  
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,  
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.  
With empty hands no taffels you can lure,  
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;  
For gold we love the impotent and old,  
And heave, and pant, and kifs, and cling, for gold.  
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,  
Then kifs'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.  
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,  
For not one word in man's arrears am I.  
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,  
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.  
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,  
" Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look?  
" Approach, my spouse, and let me kifs thy cheek;  
" Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!  
" Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,  
" Well should you practise, who so well can teach.  
" 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,  
" But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.  
" Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,  
" Who puts a period to domestic strife.

" One of us two must rule, and one obey;  
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway,  
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }  
 " The wives of all my family have rul'd  
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.  
 " Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;  
 " What! would you have me to yourself alone?  
 " Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part;  
 " Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.  
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,  
 " You little think what custom I could have.  
 " But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!  
 " What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus with my first three Lords I pass my life;  
 A very woman, and a very wife.  
 What sums from these old spouses I could raise,  
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.  
 Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,  
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.  
 In country dances still I bore the bell,  
 And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.  
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,  
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;  
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,  
 And warm the swelling veins to seats of love:  
 For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,  
 A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;  
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,  
 As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast  
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,  
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,  
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.  
 This wicked world was once my dear delight;  
 Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!  
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,  
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;  
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miss or two:

But

But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,  
 Not with my body in a filthy way:  
 But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;  
 And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,  
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry,  
 With burning rage and frantic jealousy.  
 His soul I hope enjoys eternal glory,  
 For here on earth I was his Purgatory.  
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,  
 He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.  
 How sore I gall'd him only heav'n could know,  
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.  
 He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,  
 With other gossips, from Jerusalem;  
 And now lies buried underneath a Rood,  
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.  
 A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,  
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,  
 Or where inshrind the great Darius lay;  
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away.  
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;  
 So blest the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;  
 (Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)  
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew  
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;  
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,  
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.  
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns!  
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:  
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;  
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,  
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.  
 He boarded with a widow in the town,  
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alifon.  
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,  
 Better than e'er our parish priest could do.  
 To her I told whatever could befall:  
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,

Or done a thing that might have cost his life,  
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,  
 Had known it all: what most he would conceal,  
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.  
 Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,  
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,  
 That oft a day I to this gossip went;  
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)  
 From house to house we rambled up and down,  
 'This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,  
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.  
 Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,  
 And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,  
 The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;  
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.  
 At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;  
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;  
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossom yields,  
 This Clerk and I were walking in the fields,  
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,  
 I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,  
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,  
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn.  
 We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;  
 I still have shifts against a time of need:  
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,  
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,  
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;  
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,  
 And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown:  
 All this I said; but dreams, sirs, I had none:  
 I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,  
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;  
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.  
 I tore my gown, I foil'd my locks with dust  
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.

Before

Before my face my handkerchief I spread,  
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.  
 The good man's coffin to the Church was borne;  
 Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too, mourn.  
 But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair  
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!  
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;  
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;  
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;  
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.  
 A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,  
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.  
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been:  
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!  
 Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace,  
 And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.  
 By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,  
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,  
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.  
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,  
 My goods and chattels, money, house and land:  
 But oft repented, and repent it still;  
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:  
 Nay once, by Heav'n, he struck me on the face;  
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case,  
 Stubborn as any lioness was I;

And knew full well to raise my voice on high;  
 As true a Rambler as I was before,  
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore.  
 He, against this right sagely would advise,  
 And old examples set before my eyes;  
 Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,  
 Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;  
 And close the sermon, as becom'd his wit,  
 With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.  
 Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,  
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,  
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,  
 Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.

All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be  
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:  
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,  
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)  
A certain Treatise oft at ev'ning read,  
Where divers Authors (whom the devil confound  
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.  
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;  
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,  
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves;  
And many more than sure the Church approves.  
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,  
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints lives.  
Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man.  
But could we women write as scholars can,  
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,  
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.  
Love seldom haunts the breast where Learning lies,  
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.

Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,  
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;  
When old, and past the relish of delight,  
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,  
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.  
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,  
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,  
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)  
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.  
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire  
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.  
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,  
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.  
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame,  
And Husband-bull—oh monstrous, fie for shame!

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe  
Xantippe made her good man undergo;  
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,  
How many piss pots on the Sage she threw;

Who

Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;  
 "Rain follows thunder:" that was all he said,  
 He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,  
 A fatal Tree was growing in his land,  
 On which three wives successively had twin'd  
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.  
 Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh where?  
 For better fruit did never orchard bear.  
 Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,  
 And in my garden planted shall it be.

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,  
 Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;  
 That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,  
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought:  
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,  
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,  
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,  
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;  
 All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and  
 frown'd;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,  
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,  
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;  
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,  
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.  
 With that my husband in a fury rose,  
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.  
 I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;  
 Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd),  
 Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—  
 He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;  
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,  
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle past,  
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.  
 Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,  
 Do what you list, the term of all your life:

I took to heart the merits of the cause,  
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;  
 Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,  
 With all the government of house and land,  
 And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.  
 As for the volume that revil'd the dames,  
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow  
 Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:  
 That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,  
 And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

*Works, Vol. I. p. 237.*

#### XANTHUS (FIGHT ON THE BANKS OF)

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,  
 Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove;  
 The river here divides the flying train,  
 Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,  
 Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,  
 Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:  
 (These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,  
 And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds):  
 Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,  
 The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:  
 With cries promiscuous all the banks resound,  
 And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,  
 The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.  
 As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,  
 While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;  
 Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,  
 The clust'ring legions rush into the flood;  
 So plung'd in Xanthus, by Achilles' force,  
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.  
 His bloody lance the hero casts aside,  
 (Which spreading tam'risks on the margin hide),  
 Then, like a god, the rapid billows braves,  
 Arm'd with his sword, high-brandish'd o'er the waves;

Now

Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,  
 Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound;  
 Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,  
 And the warm purple circled on the tide.  
 Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,  
 And close in rocks or winding caverns lie.  
 So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,  
 In shoals before him fly the scaly train;  
 Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,  
 Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.  
 Now tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band  
 Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;  
 With their rich belts their captive arms constrains,  
 (Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).  
 These his attendants to the ships convey'd,  
 Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.  
 Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,  
 The young Lycaon in his passage stood;  
 The son of Priam, whom the hero's hand  
 But late made captive in his father's land,  
 (As from a sycamore, his sounding steel  
 Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel),  
 To Lemnon's isle he sold the royal slave,  
 Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;  
 But kind Eetion touching on the shore,  
 The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.  
 Ten days were past, since in his father's reign,  
 He felt the sweets of liberty again;  
 The next, that god whom men in vain withstand,  
 Gives the same youth to the same conqu'ring hand;;  
 Now never to return! and doom'd to go  
 A sadder journey to the shades below.  
 His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd,  
 (The helm and visor he had cast aside  
 With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field  
 His useless lance and unavailing shield),  
 As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,  
 And knock'd his fault'ring knees, the hero said:  
 Ye mighty gods! what wonders strike my view!  
 Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms subdue?

Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,  
 Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:  
 As now the captive, whom so late I bound  
 And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!  
 Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,  
 That bar such numbers from their native plain:  
 Lo! he returns. Try then, my flying spear!  
 Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;  
 If earth at length this active prince can seize,  
 Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he spake, the Trojan, pale with fears,  
 Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;  
 Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,  
 And his soul shiv'ring at th' approach of death.  
 Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;  
 He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:  
 And while above the spear suspended stood,  
 Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,  
 One hand embrac'd them close, one stop't the dart;  
 While thus these melting words attempt his heart.

Thy well known-captive, great Achilles! see,  
 Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.  
 Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,  
 Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;  
 Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to Lemnos bore,  
 Far from his father, friends, and native shore:  
 A hundred oxen were his price that day,  
 Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.  
 Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,  
 And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here;  
 Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,  
 Again, her victim cruel fate demands!  
 I sprung from Priam, and Laothœ fair,  
 (Old Alce's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;  
 Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,  
 And rul'd the fields where silver Satiro flow'd);  
 Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;  
 For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,  
 And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.

}  
 How

How from that arm of terror shall I fly?  
 Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!  
 If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,  
 Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!  
 Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,  
 With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.  
 These words, attended with a show'r of tears,  
 The youth address'd to unrelenting years:  
 Talk not of life, or ransom (he replies).  
 Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:  
 In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;  
 But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.  
 Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?  
 The great, the good Patroclus is no more!  
 He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,  
 "And thou, dost thou, bewail mortality?"  
 Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,  
 Sprung from a hero, from a goddess born;  
 The day shall come (which nothing can avert)  
 When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,  
 By night, or day, by force, or by design,  
 Impending death and certain fate are mine.  
 Die then—He said; and, as the word he spoke,  
 The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:  
 His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear;  
 While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear.  
 Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,  
 And buried in his neck the reeking blade.  
 Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,  
 The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand.

*Iliad, b. xxi. l. 1.*

#### XANTHUS FIRED BY VULCAN.

STILL flies Achilles, but, before his eyes,  
 Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:  
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;  
 The first of men, but not a match for gods.

Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,  
 And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;  
 So oft the surge, in wat'ry mountains spread,  
 Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.  
 Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,  
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.  
 Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;  
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil;  
 When thus, (his eyes on heav'n's expansion thrown),  
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan.

Is there no god Achilles to befriend?  
 No pow'r t' avert his miserable end?  
 Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,  
 And make my future life the sport of fate.  
 Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,  
 But most of Thetis, must her son complain;  
 By Phœbus' darts she prophesy'd my fall,  
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.  
 Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,  
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!  
 Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,  
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!  
 Ah no! Achilles meets a shameful fate;  
 Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!  
 Like some vile swain, whom, on a rainy day,  
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,  
 An unregarded carcase to the sea.

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,  
 And thus in human form address the chief:  
 The pow'r of Ocean first. Forbear thy fear,  
 Oh son of Peleus! Lo thy gods appear!  
 Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,  
 Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd maid.  
 Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:  
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.  
 But thou the counsel heav'n suggests attend!  
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,  
 Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all  
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:

Hector

Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance ;  
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.  
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the gods :  
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.

Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,  
He springs impetuous, and invades the field :  
O'er all the expanded plain the waters spread ;  
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,  
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms ; while casques of gold,  
And turn'd up bucklers, glitter'd as they roll'd.  
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,  
He wades, and mounts ; the parted wave resounds.  
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,  
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.  
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,  
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simois : Haste, my brother flood !  
And check this mortal that controuls a god.  
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,  
And Ilion tumble from her tow'ry height.  
Call then the subject streams, and bid them roar,  
From all thy fountains swell thy wat'ry store ;  
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead  
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.  
Mark how resistless thro' the floods he goes,  
And boldly bids the warring gods be foes !  
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,  
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite :  
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie,  
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye ;  
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,  
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.  
Such pond'rous ruin shall confound the place,  
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relics grace :  
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume,  
These his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.  
He said ; and on the chief descends amain,  
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.  
Then, murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,  
And a foam whitens on the purple waves :

At

At ev'ry step, before Achilles stood  
 The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.  
 Fear touch'd the queen of heav'n: she saw dismay'd,  
 She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.

Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires  
 Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!  
 While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,  
 Rush the swift eastern and the western wind:  
 These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,  
 Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,  
 Corsets and arms to one bright ruin turn,  
 And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.  
 Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy pow'r,  
 Drink the whole flood, and crackling trees devour,  
 Scorch all the banks! and, (till our voice reclaim),  
 Exert th' unweary'd furies of the flame!

The pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:  
 Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;  
 At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil:  
 And the shrunk waters in their channel boil:  
 As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,  
 And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:  
 So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,  
 While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.  
 Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;  
 Along the margin winds the running blaze:  
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,  
 The flow'ry lotos, and the tam'risk, burn.  
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;  
 The wat'ry willows hiss before the fire.  
 Now glow the waves, and fishes pant for breath,  
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:  
 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,  
 Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.  
 At length the river rear'd his languid head,  
 And thus, short panting, to the god he said!

Oh Vulcan! oh! what pow'r resists thy might!  
 I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—  
 I yield—Let Ilion fall; if fate decree—  
 Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He

He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;  
 The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound,  
 As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,  
 To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,  
 Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires,  
 The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires.  
 So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,  
 And choak'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.  
 To Juno, then, imperial queen of air,  
 The burning river sends his earnest pray'r.

Ah why, Saturnia! must thy son engage  
 Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage!  
 On other gods his dreadful arm employ,  
 For mightier gods assert the cause of Troy.  
 Submissive I desist, if thou command,  
 But ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.  
 Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to fate  
 Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,  
 Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,  
 And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:  
 She bade th' ignipotent his rage forbear,  
 Recal the flame, nor in a mortal cause,  
 Infest a god: th' obedient flame withdraws:  
 Again, the branching streams began to spread,  
 And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

*Iliad, b. xxi. l. 299.*

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#### YOUTH.

NEXT these a youthful train their vows express'd  
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:  
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see  
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;  
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,  
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;  
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care  
 To pay due visits, and address the fair:  
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,  
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;

Of

Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,  
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.  
 The joy let others have, and we the name,  
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,  
 And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers press'd  
 Around the shrine, and made the same request:  
 What you, (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,  
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,  
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,  
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?  
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,  
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.  
 Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,  
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,  
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,  
 And scornful hisses run through all the croud.

*Works, Vol. I. p. 199.*

#### ZONE OF VENUS.

MEANTIME Saturnia from Olympus' brow,  
 High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;  
 With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,  
 Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.  
 But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height  
 She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.  
 Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,  
 What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?  
 At length she trusts her pow'r; resolv'd to prove—  
 "The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;"  
 Against his wisdom to oppose her charms;  
 And lull the Lord of thunders in her arms.  
 Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,  
 Sacred to dress, and beauties pleasing cares:  
 With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,  
 Safe from access of each intruding pow'r.

Touch'd

Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold;  
 Self-clos'd behind her shut the valves of gold.  
 Here first she bathes; and round her body pours  
 Soft oils of fragrance; and ambrosial show'rs:  
 The winds perfum'd, the balmy gale convey  
 Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all the aerial way:  
 Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets  
 The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.  
 Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride  
 Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;  
 Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,  
 Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melting gold.  
 Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,  
 That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:  
 Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,  
 A golden zone her swelling bosom bound;  
 Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,  
 Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.  
 Then o'er her head she casts a veil, more white  
 Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light:  
 Last, her fair feet celestial sandals grace:  
 Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,  
 Forth from the dome th' imperial goddess moves,  
 And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.  
 How long (to Venus thus apart she cry'd)  
 Shall human strifes celestial minds divide?  
 Ah yet! will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,  
 And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?  
 Let heav'n's dread empress, Cytheræa said,  
 Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.  
 Then grant me, said the queen, those conqu'ring  
 charms,  
 That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,  
 That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,  
 And burns the sons of heav'n with sacred fires?

*Iliad, b. xiv. l. 179.*

## EPISTOLARY

## EPISTOLARY BEAUTIES.

AS it was impossible to include in the preceding part of this Work, under appropriate Heads, the following PRIVATE LETTERS, which treat of a variety of subjects in a cursory way, and for ease and elegance of style may be justly termed BEAUTIES, we shall here present the Reader with a collection by themselves.

MR. ADDISON (LETTERS TO).

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joy'd at your return than I shou'd be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to Owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon the bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a Critick, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him. But indeed your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry). He has written against every thing the world has approv'd these many years. I apprehend but one  
danger

danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the Critick that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves. I am

Your, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 191.*

YOUR last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as things of this nature seem) are yet of no slight consequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleases. 'Tis a sort of tax that attends an estate in Parnassus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the small possession an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without being thanked for the pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated by those very persons who first debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way displeased that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or resentment against any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so 'tis a pleasure to me that you guess'd so right in regard to the author of that Guardian

dian you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air, that I have some hand in those papers, because I writ so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, tho' upon never so indifferent subjects. This, I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of sour dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls of all parties, and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to pass, that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately: yet almost every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more politick turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it any more than into the rest of his politicks. Tho' 'tis said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: But, I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has render'd me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but (as old Dryden said before me) 'tis not the violent I design to please.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas, and the evenings in the conversation of such as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great, that is, honest principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction, is by a vigorous perseverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend  
upon

upon your friendship, because I believe it would do justice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no small assurance I repose in you. I am

Your, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 194.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I HAVE been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, tho' never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented: it would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies just as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I trust your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me; since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every hour of my life my mind is strangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of Creation, in dialogues with Whiston and the Astronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles groveling with T\* in the very centre of nonsense: Now I am recreated with the brisk sallies

and

and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele, in his liveliest and freest humours, darts about him; and now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of Grammar of C<sup>e</sup> and D<sup>e</sup>.

Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unsettled in his best part, his soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body? the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind! What is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency? sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him, doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point? what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which (as Shakespear finely words it) is rounded with a sleep? Our whole extent of being is no more, in the eye of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals, whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists tell us, are yet as long-lived, and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what plots, what achievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes; and of how much less consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world, and its contemptible grandeurs, lessen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupify'd in a poize of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return (through our very condition of being) to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves: our passions, our interests flow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return so much into myself, as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of myself.

*Ibid*, p. 196.

I am Your, etc.

Jan. 30, 1713-14.

YOUR letter found me very busy in my grand undertaking, to which I must wholly give up myself for some time, unless when I snatch an hour to please myself with a distant conversation with you and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a siege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaign above half over, before I have made any progress. Indeed the Greek fortification, upon a nearer approach, does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter myself, that Homer secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are indeed a sort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called Commentators and Criticks, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progress under pretence of fortifying their author. These lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themselves have digged, encompassed with dirt of their own heaping up; but, I think, there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more speedy and gallant way than by mining underground, that is, by using the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I shall be paid, and are solicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many discarded Generals, to be first envied and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and lastly neglected. The former (the constant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprises) I have already experienced. Some have said I am not a master in the Greek, who either are so themselves, or are not: If they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for I know some Criticks can, and others cannot), there are fairly lying before them some specimens of my translation  
from

from this Author in the Miscellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, some calling me a Tory, because the heads of that party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a Whig, because I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Cragg's friendship, and of late with my Lord Halifax's patronage. How much more natural a conclusion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a person who has been well used by all sides, has been offensive to none. This miserable age is so sunk between animosities of Party and those of Religion, that I begin to fear, most men have Politicks enough to make (thro' violence) the best scheme of government a bad one; and Belief enough to hinder their own salvation. I hope for my own part never to have more of either than is consistent with common Justice and Charity, and always as much as becomes a Christian and honest man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papist here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being so too much or too little; I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness that I no more envy you Protestants your places and possessions, than I do our Priests their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both sides; for I know that one virtue of a free spirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-soul'd people in the world. I am your, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 198.

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O<sup>R</sup>. 10, 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have

have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintances has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the Whigs as I got from the Tories, that is to say, Civility; but neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble, as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I car'd for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: It is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of N<sup>o</sup>. 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point

point out those strokes to me, and, you may be assured, they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion), give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's Verses of Sisyphus's Stone, as never having been made before by any of the Criticks: I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's Treatise, *Περὶ συνηθείας ὀνομάτων*, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage; which you must needs have read, though it be since slipped out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem,

Your, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 200.

RALPH ALLEN, ESQ. (LETTERS TO).

*Southampton, June 5, 1736.*

I NEED not say I thank you for a Letter, which proves so much friendship for me. I have much more to say upon it than I can, till we meet. But, in a word, I think your notion of the value of those things is greatly too high, as to any service they can do to the Publick; and, as to any advantage they may do to my own character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I assure you I do not think it the least of those advantages that they have occasioned me the good-will (in so great a degree) of so worthy a man. I fear (as I must rather retrench than add to their number, unless I would publish my own commendations) that the common run of Subscribers would think themselves injured by not having every thing, which discretion must suppress; and this, they (without any other consideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect collection;

tion; whereas the only use to my own character, as an Author, of such a publication, would be the suppression of many things: and as to my character, as a Man, it would be but just where it is; unless I could be so vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honest sentiments; which, when done to be printed, would surely be wrong and weak also.

I do grant it would be some pleasure to me to expunge several idle passages, which will otherwise, if not go down to the next age, pass at least, in this, for mine; although many of them were not, and, God knows, none of them are, my present sentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly disapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I say, that pleasure would be increased to me, in knowing I should do what would please you. But I cannot persuade myself to let the whole burden, even tho' it were a publick good, lie upon you, much less to serve my private fame entirely at another's expence.

But, understand me rightly: Did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance; because I am sure, that to occasion you to contribute to a real good would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where your generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it.

As to the present affair; that you may be convinced what weight your opinion and your desires have with me, I will do what I have not yet done; I will tell my Friends I am as willing to publish this book as to let it alone. And, rather than suffer you to be taxed at your own rate, will publish, in the News, next winter, the Proposals, etc.

I tell you all these particulars, to shew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your assistance in any moderate degree. But I think you should reserve so great a proof of your benevolence to a better occasion.

Since I wrote last, I have found, on further inquiry; that there is another fine picture on the subject of Scipio and the Captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a sketch of: and, I believe, is more expressive than that of Ricci, as Pietro is famous for expression. I have also met with a fine Print of the Discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, a design which, I fancy, is of La Sueur, and will do perfectly well. I am, etc.

*Works, Vol. VI. p. 321.*

Nov. 6, 1736.

I do not write too often to you for many reasons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that Friends should be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums: it is an exercise of their friendship, and a trial of their memory: and moreover to be perpetually repeating assurances, is both a needless and suspicious kind of treatment with such as are sincere: not to add the tautology one must be guilty of, who can make out so many idle words as to fill pages with saying one thing. For all is said in this word, *I am truly yours.*

I am now as busy in planting for myself, as I was lately in planting for another. And I thank God for every wet Day and for every Fog, that gives me the head-ach, but prospers my works. They will indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their Travels from place to place; for my Garden, like my Life, seems, to me, every day to want correction, I hope, at least, for the better); but I am pleased to think my trees will afford shade and fruit to others, when I shall want them no more. And it is no sort of grief to me, that those others will not be Things of my own poor body: But it is enough, they are Creatures of the same species, and made by the same hand that made me. I wish (if a wish would transport me) to see you in the same employment; and it is no partiality

tiality even to you, to say it would be as pleasing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in prose are above three quarters printed, and will be a book of fifty and more sheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the slowness of subscribers, I will do all I can to disappoint you in particular, and intend to publish in January, when the Town fills, an Advertisement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will subscribe, to do it. In the mean time, I have printed Receipts, which put an end to any persons delaying upon pretence of *doubt*, by determining that time. I send you a few that you may see I am in earnest, endeavouring all I can to save your money, at the same time that nothing can lessen the obligation to me. I am, etc.

*Ibid.* p. 324.

June 8, 1737.

I WAS very sorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendship betrayed you into upon the false report which occasioned your grief. I am now so well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the just reward of your goodness which made you suffer for me. Perhaps when a Friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him) he knows us to be as much mistaken in our sorrow as you now were: so that what we think a real evil is, to such spirits as see things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleases; let us think or call it good or evil.

I wish the world would let me give myself more to such people in it as I like, and discharge me of half the honours which persons of higher rank bestow on me; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot bestow, Time and Life. Were I arrived to that happier circumstance, you

would see me at Widcombe, and not at Bath. But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wish, God knows. I can only say, I think of it with the pleasure and sincerity becoming one who is, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 325.

*Twickenham, April 28, 1738.*

IT is a pain to me to hear your old complaint is so troublesome to you; and the share I have borne and still bear too often, in the same complaint, gives me a very feeling sense of it. I hope we agree in every other sensation besides this; for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture too to say, my body is the worst part of me, or God have mercy on my soul. I can't help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman (for whom you left a Guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden). I had no notion of her want being so great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleasure to come, for I will allow her something yearly, and that may be but one year, for, I think, by her looks, she is not less than eighty. I am determined to take this charity out of your hands, which, I know, you'll think hard upon you, but so it shall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it) provided I say something of you, which most people would take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion.

I have nothing to add but my wishes for your health: every other enjoyment you will provide for yourself, which becomes a reasonable man. Adieu.

I am, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 327.

*Jan*

Jan. 20.

I ought sooner to have acknowledged yours: but I have been severely handled by my asthma, and, at the same time, hurried by business that gave an increase to it by catching cold. I am truly sorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A.'s disorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain should continue to return every day, which is worse by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel too is very ill in Yorkshire. And, I do assure you, there are no two men I wish better to. I have known and esteemed him for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakness of —; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in so cold and remote a place, as in the Wolds of Yorkshire, at a hunting-seat. If he lives till spring, he talks of returning to London, and, if I possibly can, I would get him to lie out of it at Twickenham, tho' we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach, which would be the properest exercise for both of us, since he is become so weak as to be deprived of riding a horse.

L. Bolingbroke stays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleased to meet each other; and nothing in all my life, has been so great a pleasure to my nature, as to bring deserving and knowing men together. It is the greatest favour that can be done, either to great geniuses or useful men. I wish too, he were a while in town, if it were only to lie a little in the way of some proud and powerful persons, to see if they have any of the best sort of pride left, namely, to serve learning and merit, and by that means distinguish themselves from their predecessors. I am, etc.

*Ibid.*, p. 328.

March 6.

I THANK you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met; and I could wish it were at Twickenham, tho' only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I must see you here or no where. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can.

The utmost I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognizance) to Battersea, and thence cross the water for an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you or so. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation\*.

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may possibly be that I shall be taking the secret flight I speak of to Battersea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promised to make known to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as He. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the scale, as to keeping me here (tho', in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the least accident of cold, or motion, almost throws me into a very dangerous and suffering condition). God send you long life, and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, etc.

\* On the Invasion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender.

## EARL OF BURLINGTON (LETTER TO).

MY LORD,

*March 7, 1731.*

THE clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deserv'd this from you; for as I had the honour to be your Friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet; but sure the writer deserved more candour, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a report which, in regard to that noble person, was impertinent, in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty should be applied to one; since, by that means, nineteen would escape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble person's opinion in this affair, to trouble the publick about it. But since Malice and Mistake are so long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conscious, as, I fear, some of theirs must be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me, while his greatness of mind can bear with indifference the insult offered to himself.

However, my Lord, I own that criticks of this sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That would be making the Town a compliment which, I think, it deserves; and which some, I am sure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as slander rais'd by fools of the lowest rank, can find any countenance from those of a higher. Even from the conduct shewn on

this occasion, I have learnt there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their Idols, their Groves, and their High-places; and change my subject from their pride to their meannesses, from their vanities to their miseries; and, as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones. I am, My Lord,

Your most affectionate, etc.

*Works, Vol. VI. p. 38.*

EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ. (LETTERS TO).

*August 27, 1714.*

WHATEVER studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The task I undertook, though of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging my design of the *Notes*; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford; but I fear, thro' my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clark's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the Geographers in their maps of old Greece, since I look'd upon two or three more noted names in the publick libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that were my epistle intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place

place a large city on such a coast, and raise another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, Thus far shalt thou advance, and no farther\*. In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country justice †. To disarm me indeed may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service; an hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand priests; and they seem proper forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as they say, the inhabitants expect angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say, who am a Papist, and say to you who are a Papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people, so greatly warm'd with a sense of liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly can inhabit the same breasts!

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, mov'd by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon that of other men. I thank God, that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure, those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love

\* This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his observations on the second Iliad.

† Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force against the Papists.

them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either: and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am sure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholick that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholicks; and if all Roman Catholicks had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution.

I agree with you in my sentiments of the state of our nation since this change: I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few.

I am, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 264.*

*Feb. 10, 1715-16.*

I AM just return'd from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and pass'd a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertain'd me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moon-shine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the  
discoveries

discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call science and study, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark, and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. 'Tis not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, Divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that gingle about their ears (tho' now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me as to tell you, that but for opinions like these which I discover'd in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has succeeded so much to mine, and, I believe, not less to your satisfaction: for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations; makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholick Religion, tho' Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind; That it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good Inquiritors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for Lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly said; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it. I am, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 271.

March 20, 1715-16.

I FIND that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but to writing too: The more time we give ourselves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that circumstance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable and forced gaieties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things sacred, to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary suffering with compliments, or heroick gallantries. Such a mind as your's has no need of being spirited up into honour, or like a weak woman, praised

praised into an opinion of its own virtue. 'Tis enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprising greatly, as an unblemish'd conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits; or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now some people who give us as good an opportunity of practising the one, as themselves have given an instance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppress'd, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say, that to be ruin'd thus in the gross, with the whole people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the most heroick thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppress'd as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppress'd. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldness of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities of half-ruin'd estates render unkind to each other; these at least may be softened, in some degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourselves; if all those who have your principles of belief, had also your sense and conduct. But indeed most of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want sense, are only religious

gious through weakness, and good-natur'd thro' shame. These are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in essentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious French refugee at this instant: what must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts, which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces which I have long look'd upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for so many additional inconveniences and chagrins, more than their small remain of life seemed destined to undergo; and with the young, for so many of those gaieties and pleasures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the widow and fatherless, late of —. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own, so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear, may be render'd as supportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good, or generous: I find by a letter of your lady's (which I have seen) that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there's some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from Windsor-forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hang'd do their fellow prisoners, who are condemn'd to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D<sup>r</sup> with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with

lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is  
just going to be remov'd himself.

Perhaps, now I have learnt so far as

*Nos dulcia loquimur arva,*

my next lesson may be

*Nos patriam fugimus.*

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases! I have  
provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I  
believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other.  
I know I wish my country well, and, if it undoes me,  
it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

*Ibid, p. 274.*

*Sept. 8, 1717.*

I THINK your leaving England was like a good  
man's leaving the world, with the blessed conscience  
of having acted well in it; and I hope you have re-  
ceived your reward, in being happy where you are.  
I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you'll  
be better pleased to find I consider you in this light,  
than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans,  
whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolu-  
tion in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather  
imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if  
you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made  
you undergo on this side the water. I beg, if your  
health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of  
knowing it. Your endeavours of service and good  
advice to the poor papists, put me in mind of Noah's  
preaching forty years to those folks that were to be  
drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your  
Ark may find an Arrarat, and the wife and family  
(the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the  
deluge, upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix profane with sacred history, I would  
cheer you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering  
Trojan,

Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the translation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believe those of our Saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinzeus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinzeus and Arthur, then the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and, when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's Horse.

You'll excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliment: and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, etc.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, tho' your Cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.

*Ibid*, p. 279.

H. CROMWELL,

H. CROMWELL, ESQ. (LETTERS TO).

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I HAD sent you the inclos'd \* papers before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myself, and afterwards could find no opportunity of sending them without suspicion of their miscarrying; not that they are of the least value, but for fear somebody might be foolish enough to imagine them so, and inquisitive enough to discover those faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favor of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the translation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I desire you to be the more severe, as it is much more criminal for me to make another speak nonsense, than to do it in my own proper person. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire version of the first book. There is an omission from the 168th line—*Jam murmura serpant Plebis Agenoreae*—to the 312th—*Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris*—(between these † two Statius has a description of the council of the Gods, and a speech of Jupiter; which contains a peculiar beauty and majesty, and were left out for no other reason, but because the consequence of this machine appears not till the second book.) The translation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fifty-cuffs, between the two Princes on a very slight occasion, and at a time

\* This was a translation of the first book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertisement before the first edition of it in a miscellany published by B. Lintot. 8vo. 1711.

† These he since translated, and they are extant in the printed version.

when,

when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in so tempestuous a night, might have render'd them very unfit for such a scuffle. This I had actually translated, but was very ill satisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conscience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words—*Hic primum lustrare oculis*, etc.—to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none of the discreetest poets, tho' he was the best versifier next Virgil. In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of Poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he asks his Muse where to begin his Thebaid, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Ledaeo*. When he comes to the scene of his Poem, and the prize in dispute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it—*Pugna est de paupere regno*.—Very different from the conduct of his master, Virgil, who at the entrance of his Poem informs his readers of the greatness of its subject.—*Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem*. [Bossu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where speaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he says, *the whole world would be too small a prize to repay so much impiety*.

*Quid si peteretur crimine tanto  
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eo  
Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?*

This was pretty well, one would think, already, but he goes on,

*Quasque procul terras obliquo sydere tangit  
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive reptantes  
Igne Noti?*

After all this, what could a Poet think of but Heaven itself for the prize; but what follows is astonishing.

*Quid si Tyriae Phrygiaeve sub unum  
Convellentur opes?*

I do not remember to have met with so great a fall in any ancient author whatsoever. I should not have insisted so much on the faults of this Poet, if I did not hope you would take the same freedom with, and revenge it upon, his Translator. I shall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amusement to you, the rather because I had the dissatisfaction to hear you had been confin'd to your chamber by an illness, which, I fear, was as troublesome a companion as I have sometimes been in the same place; where, if ever you found any pleasure in my company, it must surely have been that, which most men take in observing the faults and follies of another; a pleasure, which, you see, I take care to give you even in my absence.

If you will oblige me at your leisure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extremely grateful to me, for next to the pleasure of seeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular I am beyond all acknowledgments obliged to our friend Mr. Wycherley. I know I need no apology to you for speaking of him, whose example, as I am proud of following in all things, so in nothing more than in professing myself, like him,

Your, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 58.*

June 10, 1709.

I HAVE received part of the version of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be just, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry) *pulchre, bene, &c.* There I have some fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that passage,

*The rest revolving years shall ripen into fate,*

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact sense of the words—*Certo reliqua ordine ducam.*

But

But the duration of the Action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted against, as many things besides in him (which I wonder Bossu has not observ'd) : for instead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is manifestly exceeded in the very first two books : the narration begins with Oedipus's prayer to the Fury to promote discord betwixt his sons ; afterward the Poet expressly describes their entering into the agreement of reigning a year by turns ; and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his brother's refusal to resign the throne. All this is in the first book ; in the next Tydeus is sent ambassador to Eteocles, and demands his resignation in these terms,

*Astriferum velox jam circulus orbem  
Torfit, et amissae redierunt montibus umbras,  
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes  
Exul agit casus.*

But Bossu himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action ; saying in book ii. chap. 8. that Statius opens it with Europa's rape, whereas the Poet at most only deliberates whether he should nor not :

*Unde jubetis  
Ire, Deae ? gentisque canam primordia dirae,  
Sidonios raptus ? etc.*

but then expressly passes all this with a *longa retro se-  
riss*—and says

*limes mihi carminis esto  
Oedipodae confusa domus.*

Indeed there are numberless particulars blame-worthy in our author, which I have tried to soften in the version :

*dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Ocean  
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmus,*

is most extravagantly hyperbolical : Nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

*Vacua*

# THE BEAUTIES OF POPE.

311

*Vacua cum solus in aula  
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,  
Et nusquam par stare caput.*

In the journey of Polynices is some geographical error :

*In mediis audit duo litera campis*  
could hardly be ; for the Isthmus of Corinth is full five miles over : And *caligantes abrupto sole Mycenæ*, is not consistent with what he tells us, in lib. iv. lin. 305. " that those of Mycenæ came not to the war at this time, because they were then in confusion by the divisions of the brothers, Atreus and Thyestes," Now from the raising the Greek army against Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own account) three years.

Yours, etc,

*Ibid, p. 63.*

Aug. 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge ; but tho' the one be but too little for your good-nature, the other would be too much for your quiet, which is one blessing good-nature should indispensably receive from mankind, in return for those many it gives. I have been inform'd of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in speaking well of me in my absence ; the only thing by which you prove yourself no wit nor critick ; tho' indeed I have often thought, that a friend will show just as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to 'em when I am present. To be very frank with you, Sir, I must own, that where I receiv'd so much civility at first, I could hardly have expected so much sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you would admit nothing to improve me.

I caus'd

I caus'd an acquaintance of mine to inquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been inform'd, that you have left your speculative angle in the Widow's Coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the Rehearsals, Reviews, Gazettes, etc. have march'd off into Lincolnshire. Thus I find you vary your life in the scene at least, tho' not in the action; for tho' life for the most part, like an old play, be still the same, yet now and then a new scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular play; let it be a good merry farce, a G-d's name, and a fig for the critical unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one, nor all of these; every actor is much better known by his having the same face, than by keeping the same character: for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yesterday Cæsar, is to-day Sir John Daw. So that one might ask the same question of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play; "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to inform me; Is this your Tragedy or your Comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade myself it might be useful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing comedy of Fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcern'd spectator. This (to our singular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herself, can ever shut up, or silence.—While that of Drury (alas!) lies desolate, in the profoundest peace: and the melancholy prospect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruin'd Ilium! What now can they hope, dispossest of their ancient seats, but to serve as captives to the insulting victors of the Hay-market? The afflicted subjects of France do not, in our Postman, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary monarch,

march, as these perishing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, disdains all proposals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been secretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-street: and a memorial, representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a person of quality) out of his first minister the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the said person of quality and others, on the part of the Confederates, and his Theatrical Majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy, as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congress, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reason. I am, etc.

*Ibid.*, p. 68.

*April 10, 1710.*

I HAD written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending prophane things to you in holy week. Besides, our family would have been scandaliz'd to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verses. I assure you, I am look'd upon in the neighbourhood for a very well-dispos'd person; no great Hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that, and Drinking. They all say, 'tis pity I am so sickly, and I think 'tis pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing that may destroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin author since I came down, but have learn'd without book a song of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only Poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be so miserable

a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the Parson or me upon making some for 'em. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best toping-table of our gentry, who can roar out some Rhapsodies of his works: so that in the same manner as it was said of Homer to his detractors; What! dares any man speak against him who has given so many men to *eat*? (meaning the Rhapsodists who liv'd by repeating his verses:) thus may it be said of Mr. Dursley to his detractors; Dares any one despise him, who has made so many men *drink*? Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuse a board of justices and extraordinary 'squires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. These things (they would say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as love reading, but give us your ancient Poet Mr. Dursley! 'Tis mortifying enough, it must be confess'd; but however let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us—*Multi multa sciunt sed nemo omnia*, as it is said in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort: send me elegies, and you shall not want heroicks. At present, I have only these arguments in prose to the Thebaid, which you claim by promise, as I do your translation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*,—and the *Ring*; the rest I hope for as soon as you can conveniently transcribe them, and whatsoever orders you are pleas'd to give shall be punctually obey'd by

Your, etc.

*Ibid.* p. 75.

May 10, 1710.

I HAD not so long omitted to express my acknowledgments to you for so much good-nature and friendship as you lately shew'd me; but that I am but just returned to my own hermitage from Mr. C's, who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclin'd

clin'd to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you, he has a sincere respect for you, and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons: or else have recourse to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critick by any means to be compar'd to Mr. Dennis: And I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagin'd that he, who had escap'd all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proscriptions of Antony and Augustus, should in these days find an enemy more severe and barbarous than those tyrants? and that enemy the gentlest too, the best-natur'd of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus: who seem'd not more unlike himself, in the severity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of stiff things makes limber) will turn a resolute critick to a gentle reader; and instead of this positive, tremendous new-fashion'd Mr. Cromwell, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our Forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the mean time, it would do well, by way of preparative, if you would duly and constantly every morning read over a pastoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Isabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius somewhere out of your way, for a month or so. Who knows, but travelling and long

airing in an open field, may contribute more successfully to the cooling a critick's severity, than it did to the assuaging of Mr. Cheek's anger of old? In these fields you will be secure of finding no enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 76.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recovered from a dangerous illness which was first contracted in town, about a fortnight after my coming hither, I troubled you with a letter, and paper inclos'd, which you had been so obliging as to desire a sight of when last I saw you, promising me in return some translations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a syllable from your hands, so that 'tis to be fear'd that tho' I have escap'd death, I have not oblivion. I should at least have expected you to have finished that elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was sick in London; if you will but do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monsieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair; but it is a kind of sacrilege (do you think it is not?) to steal epitaphs. In my present living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *Oblitusque meorum, obliuiscendus et illis*, but that unluckily I can't forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourself and some others. They say indeed 'tis one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferred, and perhaps too it may be so to forget those on whom they conferr'd 'em: Then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes; I am, it must be own'd, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerstaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damn'd author;

author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the Commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may ensue, if dead men are not civil to one another! If he who has nothing to do himself, will not comfort and support another in his idleness: If those who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the charity of visiting a tomb and a dead friend, and strewing a few flowers over him: In the shades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compassion for each other; being all alike *Inanes*; we saunter to one another's habitations, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that, all alive as you are, you may not sometimes disdain—*desipere in loco*. Tho' you are no Papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address yourself to them (which I plainly perceive by your silence), yet I hope you are not one of those heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good offices and kind wishes of their living friends, and to be in a dull state of sleep, without one dream of those they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you I am still, tho' in a state of separation, Your, etc.

P. S. This letter of deaths puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this sentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will serve him as well in his Moral as his Theatrical capacity.

*Vitae bene actae jucundissima est recordatio.*

*Ibid, p. 78.*

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR. (LETTER TO).

On her Marriage.

YOU are by this time satisfied how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addresses of a thousand. And by this time the Gentleman you have made choice of is sensible, how great

is the joy of having all those charms and good qualities which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just, that the same Virtues which gave you reputation, should give you happiness; and I can wish no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourself, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of Poet should say something more polite on this occasion: But I am really more a well-wisher to your felicity, than a celebrator of your beauty. Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at last, as the consequence of them all, a saint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear (whatever others may have spoken to you), I mean Truth: and it is with the utmost that I assure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more sincerely delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but just, that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteemed, while he is living, Your, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 148.*

#### MR. GAY (LETTERS TO).

Dear Mr. GAY,

Sept. 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native soil! \* welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in

\* In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by Queen Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

glory,

glory, blest with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavour to serve you, and whose politicks were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of Liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death; I told them no man living lov'd Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons to themselves to allege in your excuse; as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in publick affairs, threw us all into a hurry of spirits: even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Successor. During your journey I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my

friend, that my labour is over ; come and make merry with me in much feasting : We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the Ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Bloufalindas of the Hague ? or have the two great Pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time ? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustick manner kicked, his Rosalinda. Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expences ; Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm.—I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever, Your, etc.

*Works, Vol. VI. p. 5.*

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*London, Nov. 8, 1717.*

I AM extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me ; and I beg you to keep, as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the Summer, and have concluded the season in grief for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons : because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think

think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleased to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes: in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

*Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!*

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes. I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wish you paid some hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too: so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and, I find since, you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing, but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you write like our brother Poets of these days.

The Duchefs, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I can't tell who else, had your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she has as much out-shined all the French ladies, as she did the English before; I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Yours, etc.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

*Ibid.* p. 7.

DEAR GAY,

Sept. 11, 1722.

I THANK you for remembering me; I would do my best to forget myself, but that, I find, your idea is so closely connected to me, that I must forget both together, or neither. I am sorry I could not have a glimpse either of you, or of the Sun (your father), before you went for Bath: But now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this side of the world who loves him; and that there are more men and women in the universe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Ducheſs. There are ladies in and about Richmond, that pretend to value him and yourself; and one of them at least may be thought to do it without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray consult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Cheyne, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon pies and hogs puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester are open'd and profanely pry'd into at the Tower: 'Tis the first time dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be sensible of my concern and surprise at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myself a most unfortunate wretch: I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man; but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is sent to imprisonment, like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as

I believe

I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well.

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addressed to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

*Ibid.* p. 11.

Your, etc.

Sept. 11, 1722.

I THINK it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters; and be assured, I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have interven'd to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of as to be my enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person: tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and

Your, etc.

P 6

*Ibid.* p. 14.

I FAITHFULLY assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my Mother's death; there was no circumstance that render'd it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concern'd not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as I fear hers must decline: I believe that would be very fast—may the life that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others. May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness. God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, etc.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount give me daily accounts of you.

*Ibid.*, p. 15.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessened, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my mother. Be assur'd no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceased to alarm me yet. God preserve your life, and restore your health. I really beg it for my own sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, tho' I always loved you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the Southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly: and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your sufferings will permit; God is a better friend than a Court; even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, etc.

Do not write, if you are ever so able: the Doctor tells me all.

*Ibid*, p. 17.

I AM glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it, the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my Mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me.

Had

Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tenderesses, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it:

*With added days if life give nothing new,  
But, like a sieve, let ev'ry pleasure thro';  
Some Joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,  
And all we gain, some sad reflection more!  
Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis, alas! too clear,  
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.*

*Ibid.*, p. 18.

Your, etc.

*April 18, 1730.*

IF my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantag'd and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd those Popes who were most famous for Nepotism; 'tis a sign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extensive bounty and goodness to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay so utterly useless that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this distance, nor help the General, whom I greatly love, to catch one fish. My only consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you,  
which

which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love). How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat-man alive), that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepared with oranges by the hand of the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am condemn'd to live by a highway side, like an old Patriarch, receiving all guests, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

*Mane salutatam totis vomit aedibus undam,*

while you are wrapt in the Idalian Groves, sprinkled with rose-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet up to the chin, with the Duchess of Queensberry; that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windsor, while you are happily banish'd with the Duchess of Queensberry? So partial is Fortune in her dispensations! for I deserved ten times more to be banish'd than you, and I know some Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you as to send you their services. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose, to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I'll say for a courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well. — I fancy, after all, they both do so.

I writ to Mr. Fortescue, and told him the pains you took to see him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Irish evidence, but only two letters these four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland always speaks of you; he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the superior carnivoracity of our friend; he plays now with the old Duchess, nay dines with her, after she has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counsellor Bickford has hurt himself, and has the strongest walking-staff I ever saw.

saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit with it at Amesbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchess's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and  
Your, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 24.

Sept. 11, 1730.

I MAY with great truth return your speech, that I think of you daily; oftener indeed than is consistent with the character of a reasonable man, who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him, than uneasy for those which he wants. And you, whose absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more blessed state with spirits of a higher kind: such I reckon his Grace and her Grace, since their banishment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of Twitnam seems, to be rank'd with such rectify'd and sublimated beings as you) as a separated spirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But, I own, not altogether so divested of terrene matter, nor altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy admission to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lies and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this distance; as one Mrs. H.  
who

who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the Colluvies and sink of human greatness at W — r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too transitory state at Petersham; one Lord B. who admir'd the Duchess before she grew a Goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miseries here; I must seriously say, the loss of any one good woman is too great to be borne easily: and poor Mrs. Rollinson, tho' a private woman, was such. Her husband is gone into Oxfordshire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for such is our fate and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 25.

Oct. 23, 1730.

YOUR letter is a very kind one, but I can't say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immersed in the country; I hope your return to town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum similitudo*, etc. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or seeing; the whole age seems resolved to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a publick

Epitaph

Epitaph or monumental Inscription like that at Thermopylae, on a *whole people perish'd*! There may indeed be a wooden image or two of poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the Giants at Guildhall) shew the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors: At present the poor Laureate and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunken sort of a *Parson* holds forth the emblem of *Inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *Pain* and *Labour*. I hope this Phaenomenon of Wiltshire has appeared at Amesbury, or the Duchess will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuses, in court and country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court; but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, though not in the same breath with the Thresher, as they do of me. By the way, you have seen or convers'd with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful Phaenomenon of Wiltshire? I have read thro' his whole volume with admiration of the writer; tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have past just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so till the last. Mrs. Blount deserves your remembrance, for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my services; the contentment you express in their company pleases me, tho' it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly  
Your, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 29.

## GENERAL ANTHONY HAMILTON (LETTER TO).

Upon his having translated into French Verse the *Essay on Criticism*,

O<sup>B</sup>. 10, 1713.

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the sentiments of my heart as you have done those of my head, in your excellent version of my *Essay*; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but, what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same time made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the justest imitation, and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a French dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and, if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturaliz'd me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for translation established the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourselves amends for any thing we have lost by the war. Nay, tho' we should insist upon the demolishing of Boileau's works, the French, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our ministers ought to be, of the terms I have gain'd from abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation

translation here; to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me.

I am

Your, etc.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 178.*

#### LADIES (LETTERS TO).

MADAM,

*March 1, 1705.*

I SEND you the book of rudiments of Drawing, which you were pleas'd to command, and think myself obliged to inform you at the same time of one of the many excellencies you possess without knowing of them. You are but too good a Painter already; and no picture of Raphael's was ever so beautiful, as that which you have formed in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but just that the finest lines in nature should be drawn upon the most durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that would so readily receive, or so faithfully retain them, as this Heart. I may boldly say of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I must complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from Kneller these three days, it has done all possible injury to the finest face that ever was made, and to the liveliest image that ever was drawn. I have imagination enough in your absence to trace some resemblance of you; but I have been so long used to lose my judgment at the sight of you, that 'tis past my power to correct it by the life. Your picture seems least like when placed before your eyes; and, contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifest disadvantage by being set in the fairest light in the world. The painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival Nature; but to own the truth to you, she made such a finish'd piece about three and twenty years ago (I beg your pardon,

pardon, Madam; I protest I meant but two and twenty), that 'tis in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know you indeed made one something like it, betwixt five and six years past: 'Twas a little girl, done with abundance of spirit and life, and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece; but, not to flatter your work, I don't think 'twill ever come up to what your father made. However, I would not discourage you; 'tis certain you have a strange happiness, in making fine things of a sudden and at a stroke, with incredible ease and pleasure.

I am, &c.

*Works, Vol. V. p. 110.*

IT is too much a rule in this town, that when a lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our sex to take upon us twice as much as yours allow us; by this method I may write to you most impudently, because you once answer'd me modestly; and if you should never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true coxcomb) that your silence gives consent. Perhaps you wonder why this is addressed to you rather than to Mrs. M —, with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you are a fine lady, have bright eyes, &c. First, Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your mother, because you are younger than your mother. Secondly, because I fancy you spell better, as having been at school later. Thirdly, because you have nothing to do but to write if you please, and possibly it may keep you from employing yourself worse: it may save some honest neighbouring gentleman from three or four of your pestilent glances. Cast your eyes upon paper, Madam, there you may look innocently: Men are seducing, books are dangerous; the amorous ones soften you, and the godly ones give you the spleen: If you look upon trees, they clasp in embraces; birds and beasts make love; the sun is too warm for your blood;

blood; the moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I say once more cast your eyes upon paper, and read only such letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames, but proceed from innocence of soul, and simplicity of heart. Thank God I am an hundred miles off from those eyes! I would sooner trust your hand than them for doing me mischief; and though I doubt not some part of the rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into your pen, yet since it will not attack me on a sudden and unprepared, since I may have time while I break open your letter to cross myself and say a Pater-noster, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this distance. I am told you are at this hour as handsome as an angel; for my part I have forgot your face since two winters. You may be grown to a giantess for all I know. I can't tell in any respect what sort of creature you are, only that you are a very mischievous one, whom I shall ever pray to be defended from. But when your Minister sends me word you have the small-pox, a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will desire him to give thanks for it in your parish church; which as soon as he shall inform me he has done, I will make you a visit without armour. I will eat any thing you give me without suspicion of poison, take you by the hand without gloves, nay venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This, Madam, is the top of my wishes, but how differently are our desires inclined! You sigh out, in the ardour of your heart, Oh playhouses, parks, operas, assemblies, London! I cry with rapture, Oh woods, gardens, rookeries, fish-ponds, arbours! Mrs. M——.

*Ibid*, p. 111.

THE wits would say, that this needs must be a dull letter, because it is a married one. I am afraid indeed you will find, what spirit there is, must be on the side of the wife, and the husband's part, as usual, will prove

prove the dullest. What an unequal pair are put together in this sheet? in which though we sin, it is you must do penance. When you look on both sides of this paper,\* you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expression) are as a two-edg'd sword, whereof lady M. is the shining blade, and I only the handle. But I can't proceed without so far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that she writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of those honours a husband receives for the sake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to shew her the regard we have for another; and yet I must own there is not a period of this epistle but squints towards another over against it. It will be in vain to dissemble; your penetrating eyes cannot but discover, how all the letters that compose these words lean forward after Lady M.'s letters, which seem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as fast as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themselves to another man, in the very presence of him who will yield to no mortal in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget myself, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, 'tis you forget yourself in that thought, for you are almost the only woman to whom one can safely address the praises of another. Besides, can you imagine a man of my importance so stupid, as to say fine things to you before your husband? Let us see how far Lady M. herself dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and address she is mistress of. If Sir Robert can be so ignorant (now he is left to himself in the country) to imagine any such matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that lady says, is taken for satire. For my part, every body knows it is my constant practice to speak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myself

Your, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 113.

\* Written on one column of a letter, while Lady M. wrote to the lady's husband on the other.

YOU have put me into so much gaiety of temper, that there will not be a serious word in this day's letter. No more, you'll say, there would, if I told you the whole serious business of the town. All last night I continued with you, tho' your unreasonable regularity drove me out of your doors at three o'clock. I dreamed all over the evening's conversation, and saw the little bed in spite of you. In the morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me so abruptly.—I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old beauty; she appear'd at the table like a Death's head enamell'd. The Egyptians, you know, had such things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the last of these objections was soon removed; for the lady had so violent an appetite for a salmon, that she quickly eat all the patches off her face. She divided the fish into three parts; not equal, God knows; for she helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the rest much the largest part, took it herself, and cried very naively, I'll be content with my own tail.

My supper was as singular as my dinner. It was with a great Poet and Ode-maker (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way). He came to me very hungry; not for want of a dinner (for that I should make no jest of), but having forgot to dine. He fell most furiously on the broil'd reliicks of a shoulder of mutton, commonly call'd a blade-bone; he profess'd he never tasted so exquisite a thing! begged me to tell him what joint it was, wonder'd he had never heard the name of this joint, or seen it at other tables; and desir'd to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the same for the future? and yet this man, so ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half an hundred heroes, and quartered five or six miserable lovers in every tragedy he has written. I have nothing more to tell you to-day.

*Ibid*, p. 114.

In

## In the Style of a Lady.

PRAY what is your opinion of *Fate*? for I must confess I am one of those that believe in Fate and Predestination.—No, I can't go so far as that, but I own I am of opinion one's stars may incline, tho' not compel one; and that is a sort of free will; for we may be able to resist inclination, but not compulsion.

Don't you think they have got into the most preposterous fashion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire coat of lutestring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of year, but then, my dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean pretty look.

Ay, so has my muslin apron; but I would not chuse to make it a winter suit of cloaths.

Well now I'll swear, child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty dress; let me die if I don't think a muslin flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation*-air.

Well, I swear it would be charming! and I should like it of all things—Do you think there are any such things as *Spirits*?

Do you believe there is any such place as the Elysian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wish I were to go to the Elysian Fields when I die! and then I should not care if I were to leave the world to-morrow: But is one to meet there with what one has most lov'd in this world?

Now you must tell me this positively. To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you won't tell me all? You know I abominate reserve.

*Ibid*, p. 117.

*Bath, 1714.*

YOU are to understand, Madam, that my passion for your fair self and your sister, has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred seventy-sixth week of the reign of my sovereign lady Sylvia. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty-ninth week of the reign of your most serene majesty, in whose service I was lifted some weeks before I beheld your sister. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall happen to be Queen regent at that time.

Pray tell your sister, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations she has, never gave me so much pleasure in her conversation, as that one vice of her obstinacy will give me mortification this month. Ratcliffe commands her to Bath, and she refuses! Indeed, if I were in Berkshire, I should honour her for this obstinacy, and magnify her no less for disobedience than we do the Barcelonians. But people change with the change of places (as we see of late), and virtues become vices when they cease to be for one's interest, with me as with others.

Yet let me tell her, she will never look so finely while she is upon earth, as she would here in the water. It is not here as in most other instances, for those ladies that would please extremely, must go out of their own element. She does not make half so good a figure on horseback as Christina Queen of Sweden; but were she once seen in the Bath, no man would part with her for the best mermaid in Christendom. You know I have seen you often, I perfectly know how you look in black and in white, I have experienced the utmost you can do in colours; but all your movements, all your graceful steps, deserve not half the glory you might here attain of a moving  
and

and easy behaviour in buckram: Something between swimming and walking, free enough, and more modestly half-naked than you can appear any where else. You have conquer'd enough already by land; show your ambition, and vanquish also by water. The buckram I mention is a dress particularly useful at this time, when, we are told, they are bringing over the fashion of German ruffs: You ought to use yourselves to some degrees of stiffness beforehand; and when our ladies chins have been tickled a while with starched muslin and wire, they may possibly bear the brush of a German beard and whisker.

I could tell you a delightful story of Doctor P. but want room to display it in all its shining circumstances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiss the Aunt of the person beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fiercest flame: he try'd this course in his passion, and kissed Mrs. E—— at Mr. D——'s; but he says it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever.

Your, etc.

*Ibid.* p. 118.

IF you ask how the waters agree with me, I must tell you so very well, that I question how you and I should agree if we were in a room by ourselves. Mrs. ——— has honestly assured me, that but for some whims which she can't entirely conquer, she would go and see the world with me in man's clothes. Even you, Madam, I fancy (if you would not partake in our adventures), would wait our coming in at the evening with some impatience, and be well enough pleas'd to hear them by the fire-side. That would be better than reading romances, unless lady M. would be our historian. What raises these desires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my lady Sandwich, who has all the spirit of the last age, and all the gay experience of a pleasurable life. It were as scandalous an omission to come to the Bath and not to

Q<sup>2</sup>

see

see my lady Sandwich, as it had formerly been to have travelled to Rome without visiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word, the best thing this country has to boast of; and as she has been all that a woman of spirit could be, so she still continues that easy and independent creature that a sensible woman always will be.

I must tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought so much of yourself and your sister, as since I have been fourscore miles distance from you. In the Forest I look'd upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddesses, or what you will. In the same manner, I never knew at what rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. — and you will but fall very sick every season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously, I value you both so much, that I esteem others much the less for your sakes; you have robb'd me of the pleasure of esteeming a thousand pretty qualities in them, by showing me so many finer in yourselves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill-nature and malice. I have seen enough of you, not to overlook any frailty you could have, and nothing less than a vice can make me like you less. I expect you should discover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you should pardon a thousand things in me for that one disposition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I shall always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, etc.

*Ibid.*, p. 119.

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1714.

I RETURN'D home as slow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord \*\* retired from the Court and glory to his Country-seat and wife,  
a week

a week ago. I found here a dismal desponding letter from the son of another great courtier who expects the same fate, and who tells me the great ones of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean ones, if they will favour them with a visit by day-light. With what joy would they lay down all their schemes of glory, did they but know you have the generosity to drink their healths once a day, as soon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy, by the sole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this last into verse, but in this age of ingratitude my best friends forsake me, I mean my rhymes.

I desire Mrs. P—— to stay her stomach with these half-hundred Plays, till I can procure her a Romance big enough to satisfy her great soul with adventures. As for Novels, I fear she can depend upon none from me but that of my Life, which I am still, as I have been, contriving all possible methods to shorten, for the greater ease both of the historian and the reader. May she believe all the passion and tenderness express'd in these romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may you (who read nothing) take the same truth upon hearing it from me. You will both injure me very much, if you don't think me a truer friend, than ever any romantick lover, or any imitator of their style, could be.

The days of beauty are as the days of greatness, and so long all the world are your adorers. I am one of those unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, etc.

*Ibid.*, p. 121.

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YOU have asked me news a hundred times at the first word you spoke to me, which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips:

Q. 3

and

and truly 'tis not a sign two lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to inquire what the world does? All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other: I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellencies and charms.

This then shall be a letter of News; and sure, if you did not think me the humblest creature in the world, you could never imagine a Poet could dwindle to a brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved so bravely, that in this act at least he might seem above man, if he had not just now voided a stone to prove him subject to human infirmities. The utmost weight of affliction from ministerial power and popular hatred, were almost worth bearing, for the glory of such a dauntless conduct as he has shewn under it.

You may soon have your wish, to enjoy the gallant fights of armies, incampments, standards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings of the Thames stained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard so long exclaim'd against in town and country, may have its fill of destruction. I would not add one circumstance usual in all descriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed, or to be committed, upon those unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me—in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your sake and Mrs. P——'s, and some others, whom, I have cause to fear, no fair means will prevail upon.

Those eyes, that care not how much mischief is done, or how great slaughter committed, so they have but a fine show; those very female eyes will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is speedily to be formed in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments with new clothes and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linen designed by his Grace for the soldiery). The sight of so many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and  
glare

glare of war yet undeform'd by battles, those scenes which England has for many years only beheld on stages, may possibly invite your curiosity to this place.

By our latest account from Duke-street, Westminster, the conversion of T. G. Esq; is reported in a manner somewhat more particular. That upon the seizure of his Flanders mares, he seemed more ordinarily disturbed for some hours, sent for his ghostly father, and resolved to bear his loss like a Christian; till about the hours of seven or eight, the coaches and horses of several of the Nobility passing by his window towards Hyde-park, he could no longer endure the disappointment, but instantly went out, took the oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear horses, which carried him in triumph to the Ring. The poor distressed Roman Catholicks, now unhors'd and unchariot'd, cry out with the Psalmist, *Some in Chariots and some on Horses, but we will invoke the name of the Lord.* I am, etc.

*Ibid, p. 125.*

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season; when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am so much in the taste of rural Pleasures, I had rather see the sun than any thing he can shew me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dress'd in it (which by the way I don't like the better for the red; the leaves, I think, are very pretty); I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow: for I doubt not but God's works here, are what come nearest to his works there; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven: as on the contrary, a true town life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and dissension, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies. I'm endeavouring

ing to put my mind into as quiet a situation as I can, to be ready to receive that stroke, which, I believe, is coming upon me, and have fully resign'd myself to yield to it. The separation of my soul and body is what I could think of with less pain; for I am very sure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever state he pleases it shall be, that state must be right: But I cannot think without tears of being separated from my friends, when their condition is so doubtful, that they may want even such assistance as mine. Sure, it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we lov'd or pursu'd here: for else what a torment it would be to a spirit, still to love those creatures it is quite divided from? Unless we suppose, that in a more exalted life, all that we esteem'd in this imperfect state will affect us no more, than what we lov'd in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and, I'm sensible, would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to show this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourself be quite a stranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wish your life may be so long and so happy, as never to let you think *quite so far* as I am now led to do; but, to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier, and the easier at all times.

There are no pleasures or amusements that I don't wish you, and therefore 'tis no small grief to me that I shall for the future be less able to partake with you in them. But let fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence; I despise from my heart whoever parts with the first, and I pity from my soul whoever quits the latter.

I am griev'd at Mr. G——'s condition in this last respect of dependance. He has Merit, Good-nature, and Integrity, three qualities, that I fear are too often lost upon great men; or at least are not all three a match for that one which is oppos'd to them, Flattery.

very. I wish it may not soon or late displace him from the favour he now possesses, and seems to like. I'm sure his late action deserves eternal favour and esteem: Lord Bathurst was charm'd with it, who came hither to see me before his journey. He ask'd and spoke very particularly of you. To-morrow Mr. Fortescue comes to me from London about B ———'s suit *in forma pauperis*. That poor man looks starved: he tells me you have been charitable to him. Indeed 'tis wanted: the poor creature can scarce stir or speak; and I apprehend he will die, just as he gets something to live upon. Adieu.

*Ibid.* p. 127.

THIS is a day of wishes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good one which I do not form in your behalf. Every year that passes, I wish some things more for my friends, and some things less for myself. Yet were I to tell you what I wish for you in particular, it would be only to repeat in prose, what I told you last year in rhyme (so sincere is my poetry): I can only add, that as I then wish'd you a friend, I now wish that friend were Mrs. ———.

Absence is a short kind of death; and in either, one can only wish, that the friends we are separated from, may be happy with those that are left them. I am therefore very solicitous that you may pass much agreeable time together: I am sorry to say I envy you no other companion: tho' I hope you have others that you like; and I am always pleas'd in that hope, when it is not attended with any fears on your own account.

I was troubled to leave you both, just as I fancy'd we should begin to live together in the country. 'Twas a little like dying the moment one had got all one desir'd in this world. Yet I go away with one generous sort of satisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

Q5.

I know

I know you would both be pleas'd to hear some certain news of a friend departed; to have the adventures of his passage, and the new regions thro' which he travell'd, describ'd; and, upon the whole, to know, that he is as happy where he now is, as while he liv'd among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepar'd soul) have seen nothing I like so well as what I left: No scenes of Paradise, no happy bowers equal to those on the banks of the Thames. Wherever I wander, one reflection strikes me; I wish you were as free as I; or at least had a tie as tender, and as reasonable as mine, to a relation that as well deserved your constant thought, and to whom you would be always pull'd back (in such a manner as I am) by the heart-string. I have never been well since I set out: but don't tell my mother so; it will trouble her too much: And as probably the same reason may prevent her sending a true account of her health to me, I must desire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country air improves your own; but don't flatter me when you are ill, that I may be the better satisfied when you say you are well: for these are things in which one may be sincerer to a reasonable friend, than to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

*Ibid, p. 129.*

YOU can't be surpriz'd to find him a dull correspondent whom you have known so long for a dull companion. And tho' I am pretty sensible, that, if I have any wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; yet I'll content myself with giving you as plain a history of my pilgrimage, as Purchas himself, or as John Bunyan could do of his *walking through the wilderness of this world*, etc.

First then I went up by water to Hampton-Court, unattended by all but my own virtues; which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves, or me, conceal'd: For I met the Prince with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B.  
and

and Mrs. L\* took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists), and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H\*. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the most miserable: and wish'd that every woman who envy'd it, had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexion'd children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simmer an hour and catch cold, in the Princess's apartment: from thence (as Shakspeare has it) to dinner, *with what appetite they may*—and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe, no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as proof of it, I need only tell you, Mrs. L\* walked with me three or four hours by moon-light, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall.

In short, I heard of no ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kilmansegg's, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away.

I was heartily tired, and posted to — park: there we had an excellent discourse of quackery; Dr. S\* was mentioned with honour. Lady — walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stay'd, tho' she seem'd to be fainting, and had convulsive motions several times in her head.

I arrived in the Forest by Tuesday noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) of Moses, who din'd in the mid-way thither. I pass'd the rest of the day in those woods where I have so

often enjoy'd a book and a friend; I made a Hymn as I pass'd through, which ended with a sigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an estate miserably unwieldy, and splendidly unuseful to him. Sir Samuel Garth says, that for Ratcliffe to leave a library, was as if a Eunuch should found a Seraglio. Dr. S— lately told a lady, he wonder'd she could be alive after him: she made answer, she wonder'd at it for two reasons, because Dr. Ratcliffe was dead, and because Dr. S— was living. I am Your, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 131.

NOTHING could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for after having pass'd through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves and whose feet were water'd with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below and the murmuring of the winds above: the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these; and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reach'd Oxford, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college answer'd one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conform'd myself to the college hours, was roll'd up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the University, and was as dead to the world as any hermit

mit of the desert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men us'd to entertain, when the monks of *their own order* extoll'd their piety and abstraction: For I found myself receiv'd with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the Learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks, I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from seeing myself seated with dignity on the most conspicuous shelves of a library, put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's-square.

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midst of my glory I am wounded, and find myself a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes is to no purpose, since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poison with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H—'s, I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman (tho' a woman be very near as good as an angel); I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T— as a credit to the Maker of Angels; she is a relation of his lordship's, and he gravely propos'd her to me for a wife; being tender of her interests, and knowing (what is a shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to fortune than I. I told him, 'twas what he never could have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to see both her and myself.

I must not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmost in the affair you desire. It would be an inexpressible joy to me if I could serve you, and I will always do all I can to give myself pleasure. I wish as  
well

well for you as for myself; I am in love with you both, as much as I am with myself, for I find myself most so with either, when I least suspect it.

*Ibid, p. 133.*

I AM not at all concern'd to think that this letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth makes a much less present than he that gives you his heart: and true friends would rather see such thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the world. They who can set a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken much pains to endeavour to please you, by writing, or any thing else. Wit, I am sure, I want; at least in the degree that I see others have it, who would at all seasons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have some qualities that may be (at some seasons) of more comfort to myself, and of more service to my friends. I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better dispositions than to love only myself, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I could have seen you every day, and imagin'd my company could have every day pleas'd you, I should scarce have thought it worth my while to please the world. How many verses could I gladly have left unfinish'd, and turn'd into it, for people to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those hours more pleasantly? Whatever some may think, Fame is a thing I am much less covetous of, than your friendship; for that, I hope, will last all my life; the other I cannot answer for. What if they should both grow greater  
after

after my death? alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out: but my sentiments about it you will see better by this Epigram:

*What's Fame with men, by custom of the nation,  
Is call'd in women only Reputation:*

*About them both why keep we such a power?*

*Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.*

*Ibid, p. 136.*

I CAN say little to recommend the letters I shall write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, tho' of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous; but you shall find it, in all respects, most horribly alike. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment, either to you or to myself: whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you'll no more expect it of me to persevere till death in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change when once his picture was drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have, will infallibly buoy at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down; methinks, 'tis almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If Momus's project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further, and making those windows, casements; that while a man showed his heart to all the world,

world, he might do something more for his friends; even give it them, and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as king Herod did Herodias (tho' I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish, as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to shew my taste in life, as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible. Not that I think every body naked altogether so fine a sight, as yourself and a few more would be, but because 'tis good to use people to what they must be acquainted with: and there will certainly come some day of judgment or other, to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see that the Prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being straiter laced than the rest: and that they are naturally as arrant squabs as those that went more loose, nay as those that never girded their loins at all. —But a particular reason that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better; for I find, when others express their thoughts of you, they fall very short of mine, and, I know, at the same time; theirs are such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person, who had taught me long ago that it was as possible to esteem at first sight; as to love: and who has since ruin'd me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, thro' your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country; when one evening of your conversation has spoil'd me for a Solitaire! Books have lost their effect upon me, and I was convinced since I saw you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man

ten times more uneasy than his own. What is very strange, Virtue herself (when you have the dressing her) is too amiable for one's repose. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you, to have conversed with you; they would have been strangely bit, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair lady, and you had bewitch'd them with Reason and Virtue (two beauties that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with).

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of those restrictions and punctilious decorums, that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth, to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults and you of your good qualities, without a blush; we converse upon such unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design in either of us. And, methinks, it would be as paltry a part, to impose (even in a single thought) upon each other in this state of separation, as for spirits of a different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do) in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin, then, Madam, by asking you a question, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave in the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which, I hope, you will never feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? for if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by your house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, which I was there a witness of (your behaviour in what I may call your last moments).

ments), and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleasure in thinking that those last moments were given to me. I would fain imagine that this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration, which, I know, you have, in finding out the truth of people's sentiments; and that you were willing, the last man that *would have* parted from you, should be the last that *did*. I really looked upon you just as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero, at the instant when he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost out of generosity: I was obliged to admire your resolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wish, that Heaven would reward so much virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elsewhere. I am, etc.

*Ibid*, p. 139.

I CAN never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost, and tho' it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to a Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; tho' I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that short one from D—, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

You have contrived to say in your last the two things most pleasing to me: The first, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. The other is, the justice you do me, in taking what I writ to you, in the serious manner it was meant; it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious. It would be vexatious, indeed, if you should pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improved by an esteem for you; but since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not been entirely unfaithful to my thoughts.

May

May your faith be increased in all truths that are as great as this; and, depend upon it, to whatever degree it may extend, you never can be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed as most hearts in the world.

Its grand *faible* in regard to you, is the most like reason of any *faible* in nature. Upon my word, this heart is not like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, or with empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them: but is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner where your idea will always lie as warm, and as close, as any idea in Christendom.

If this distance (as you are so kind to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you, it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation, may interpose between you and the place you design for; and that you were restored to us at the expence of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are come as far as ———: do you only look back to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the King, it is I, whose particular misfortune it is, to be almost the only innocent person he has made to suffer; both by his government at home, and his negotiations abroad.

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; that all the road might be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you. It is not now my interest to wish England agreeable; it is highly probable it may use me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I can-  
not

not now call a foot of paternal *earth* my own? Yet it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, what was most agreeable in it should first be snatched away from it.

I could overtake you with pleasure in ———, and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coasts, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you. But perhaps I might care as little to stay behind you; and be full as uneasy to live in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was persecuted myself by the rogues of yours. And it is not impossible I might run into Asia in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of freemen?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions, and your exact time; I verily think, I should be once more happy in a sight of you next Spring.

I'll conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.

*Ibid*, p. 143.

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YOU will find me more troublesome than ever Brutus did his evil Genius; I shall meet you in more places than one, and often refresh your memory before you arrive at your Philippi. These shadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really suffered very much from you, and whom you have robb'd of the most valuable of his enjoyments, your conversation. The advantage of hearing your sentiments by discovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the risque I generally run of manifesting my own indiscretion. You then rewarded my trust in you the moment it was given, for you pleas'd or inform'd me the minute you answer'd.

I must

I must now be contented with more slow returns. However, 'tis some pleasure, that your thoughts upon paper will be a more lasting possession to me, and that I shall no longer have cause to complain of a loss I have so often regretted, that of any thing you said, which I happen'd to forget. In earnest, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it must be every day of my life. I attend you in spirit through all your ways, I follow you through every stage in books of travels, and fear for you thro' whole folios; you make me shrink at the past dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful prospect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet subsists to please you. I enquire the roads, the amusements, the company, of every town and country thro' which you pass, with as much diligence, as if I were to set out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more constantly in mind, not even your Guardian-angel (if you have one), and I am willing to indulge so much Popery as to fancy some Being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do yourself: I am willing to think that heaven never gave so much self-neglect and resolution to a woman, to occasion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe those qualities must be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your first short letter only serves to shew me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the first dove that return'd to Noah, and just made him know it had found no rest abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleases me, but when you tell me you had no sea-sickness. I beg your next may give me all the pleasure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no discoveries that will be half so valuable to me as those of your own mind. Nothing that regards the states or kingdoms you pass thro', will engage so much of my curiosity or concern, as what relates to yourself: Your welfare, to say truth, is more at my heart than that of Christendom.

I am

I am sure I may defend the truth, tho' perhaps not the virtue of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at best, of the merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one can be sure of. I therefore know what particular Person has desert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what Nation deserves to conquer or oppress another. You will say, I am not *publick-spirited*; let it be so, I may have too many tendernesses, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the same time I am certain that whoever wants these, can never have a Publick spirit; for (as a friend of mine says) how is it possible for that man to love twenty thousand people, who never lov'd one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C——; he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be just as it ought. His health and mine are now so good, that we wish with all our souls you were a witness of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we strew flowers of rhetorick, and offer such libations to your name as it would be prophane to call toasting. The Duke of B——m is sometimes the High Priest of your praises; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few men that are not sorry at your departure, as women that are; for, you know, most of your sex want good sense, and therefore must want generosity: You have so much of both, that I am sure you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one despises. For my part I hate a great many women for your sake, and undervalue all the rest. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all those blessings and earthly prosperities, which the divines tell us, are the cause of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare trust your own virtue to do it in the other. I am

Your, etc.

*Ibid.*, p. 145.

## MR. STEELE (LETTER TO).

Nov. 7, 1712.

I WAS the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of his departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

*Animula vagula, blandula,  
Hosper comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!*

“ Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this  
“ body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it!  
“ whither art thou flying? to what unknown scene?  
“ all trembling, fearful, and pensive! what now is  
“ become of thy former wit and humour? thou shalt  
“ jest and be gay no more.”

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this: 'tis the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we consider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendecasyllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost

utmost love and tenderneſſes for their miſtreſſes.—If you think me right in my notion of the laſt words of Adrian, be pleas'd to infer it in the *Spectator*: if not, to ſuppreſs it. I am, etc.

ADRIANI morientis ad ANIMAM,

TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,  
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,  
Muſt thou no more this frame inſpire?  
No more a pleaſing cheerful gueſt?  
Whither, ah whither art thou flying?  
To what dark, undiscover'd ſhore?  
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,  
And Wit and Humour are no more!

*Works, Vol. V. p. 185.*

DR. J. SWIFT (LETTERS TO).

*June 18, 1714.*

WHATEVER Apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I ſhall uſe none now, to a man who has own'd himſelf as ſplenetick as a Cat in the Country. In that circumſtance, I know by experience a letter is a very uſeful, as well as amuſing thing: If you are too buſied in State affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twiſting it into a ſerpentine form: or, if your diſpoſition ſhould not be ſo mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of ſtudious minds are apt to ſit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt diviſion of the paper, it may not be unpleaſant to try to ſit and rejoin the broken lines together. All theſe amuſements I am no ſtranger to in the Country, and doubt not (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your preſent contemplative ſituation.

I remember

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their Friends in the country; but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you, upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat\*: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting Epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an Embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous State treatise from your retirement: and a Wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the Ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their Oracles from the Woods. The Gentlemen of the Roman Catholick persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the Court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledg-

\* Some time before the Death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a Friend's House in Berkshire, and never saw them after.

ments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retir'd or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection,  
Yours, etc.

*Works, Vol. VI. p. 103.*

*Jan. 12, 1723.*

I FIND a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both stings and pleaseth me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given \*) a Surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my Friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this Absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, and in every place and company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as

\* Alluding to his large work on Homer.

were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other Hereditary Rights: and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished: After both of you left England, my constant Host was the Bishop of Rochester \*. Sure this is a nation that is curiously afraid of being over-run with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow (whom I now lodge with); he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid General; and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions: A glut of Study and Retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite Sets of people, have hinder'd me from being violent or sour to any Party; but at the same time the Observations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardships I see practis'd by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of Cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My Friendships are in-

\* Dr. Atterbury.

R 2

creased

creased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with), and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest Man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to use; the Freedom of Friendship with men much my Superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not to have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with Poets and Scriblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an eclairsissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: But Fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

*Ibid*, p. 126.

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Oct. 15, 1725.

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to  
your

your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our Vortex. Here is One, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his Father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbutnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despis'd, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain (which is the most Catholick of all remedies, tho' not the most Universal). I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I'm sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all Poets the most miserable. I'm also sorry for another reason; if they don't promote him, they'll spoil the conclusion of one of my Satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the Taste of the Town in wit and criticism, I end thus:

*But what avails to lay down rules for sense?*

*In ———'s Reign these fruitless lines were writ,*

*When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for Wit!*

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too). Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the Devil. He puts his whole trust at Court in that Lady whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though as for yours, I

question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall, I wish he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved Mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I've fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former Passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the Just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *Eat your Book*, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I won't tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of Maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this Letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is address'd to you, or comes from you) expects you: That ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your Principle of Love of Individuals: and I think the way to have a publick spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one?

one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a Patriot, any more than a Friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touch'd with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu—what remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his Scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health, Duke Dinsy so also; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurst well. These and some others, preserve their ancient honour and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d——'d, what is it to a Protestant Priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a Papist, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad Poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern Imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to 'em, with proper definitions of each in this manner.

*The Pope's the Whore of Babylon.*

*The Turk he is a Jew:*

*The Christian is an Infidel*

*That sitteth in a Pew.*

*Ibid, p. 140.*

*March 23, 1727-8.*

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Traveller has travell'd thither, it has travell'd very quick, to have folks christen'd already by the name of the supposed Author. But if you object, that no child so lately christen'd could be arrived at years of maturity

to be elected into Parliament. I reply (to solve the Riddle) that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full of age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound: he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: Nay they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the Court more than all the rest of the world. As for those Scriblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness* (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*), how much that nest of Hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the Treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine Studiorum*. Would to God our Persons could but as well, and as surely be inseparable! I find my other Tyes dropping from me: some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: My greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread? I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long help'd and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who requir'd me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend to be amused or entertained.

entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we shall be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: Your Deafness would agree with my Dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you shou'd be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you shou'd lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your Deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concern'd in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these Authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself),

*That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.*

This poem will rid me of those insects,

*Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;  
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however if it silence these fellows, it must be something greater than any *Iliad* in Christendom. Adieu.

*Ibid, p. 174.*

I HAVE

Bath, Nov. 12, 1738.

I HAVE past six weeks in quest of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools or physicians for themselves, and zealots or divines, for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved by an assurance that you are still at Sir A—'s, planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable Lady. I conclude (tho' I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; 'tis bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have receiv'd of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you will go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and, I believe, if you won't, I shall. The inscription to the *Dunciad* is now printed and inserted in the Poem. Do you care I should say any thing farther how much that Poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of Scriblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them: every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily.

daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more Wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I liv'd in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour and health; I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of Princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of Wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

*Ibid, p. 184.*

MR. WYCHERLEY (LETTER TO)

*April 30, 1705.*

I CANNOT contend with you: You must give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your design is to encourage me. But I separate from all the rest that paragraph or two, in which you make me so warm an offer of your friendship. Were I possessed of that, it would put an end to all those speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome advices, and free sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know it is the general opinion, that friendship is best contracted betwixt persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in opposition to that opinion.

In the first place, 'tis observable, that the love we bear to our friends, is generally caused by our finding the same dispositions in them, which we feel in ourselves.

selves. This is but self-love at the bottom: whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be so, the inclinations of such being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure or voluptuousness, each being desirous for his own sake of one to assist or encourage him in the courses he pursues; as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit, lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest; and an old man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have less of self-love; so the friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, founess and madness. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the possibility of this; one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the heart: which is, that \* young as I am, and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

\* Mr. Wycherley was at this time about seventy years old, Mr. Pope under seventeen.



F I N I S.